

# THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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THE ROUND TABLE is independent in politics, and it will not hesitate to condemn or to sustain such men or measures of whatever sect, clique, or party as may seem to the editors to be from time to time in a position of antagonism or otherwise to the material interests either of the metropolitan community or to those of the whole common country.

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## 1867. PROSPECTUS. 1867.

### "The Round Table's" Arrangements and Proposals for the New Year, 1867.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

The Conductors of THE ROUND TABLE beg to tender their cordial acknowledgments to the many friends of the paper for a handsome support, which has gone on steadily increasing until it can now be truthfully said that it is fully, fairly, and prosperously established.

During the three years that have passed since the first publication of THE ROUND TABLE, it has experienced an unusually diversified career, making not only strong friends, but some bitter enemies; yet the number of the latter has ever been comparatively small, and it is hoped and believed that there are now very few who do not wish well to a Journal so earnestly devoted to literary, social, and artistic progress.

THE ROUND TABLE now has subscribers in every state of the Union, in Canada and other parts of our own continent, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and in many countries of continental Europe. It goes, in fact, to the four quarters of the globe, and with nearly every issue the number which is sent abroad increases.

The home subscription list is a large and steadily augmenting one and it contains the name of nearly every person noted in literature or eminent in professional life throughout the country. THE ROUND TABLE, therefore, addresses a highly cultivated and distinguished circle, a circumstance which in preparing its contents is sedulously kept in view. The arrangements which have been made and which are in progress for the NEW YEAR are such as to promise the most gratifying results. No weekly paper has ever been published in this country which has contained so much really first-rate writing both from American and English pens as THE ROUND TABLE will offer to its readers during the year 1867. This will, of course, involve a very large outlay; but the present position of the paper is such as to justify the engagements which its conductors have made, as well as others which they have resolved upon carrying out.

The attention which THE ROUND TABLE has received not alone from the home press but from leading critical reviews all over the world, has gained for it a celebrity and a prestige which no other American literary paper has ever acquired; its articles and reviews are quoted to an extent hitherto unparalleled, and are regarded by the educated and refined classes with a consideration hitherto only bestowed by them upon similar publications from abroad.

It is hoped now that THE ROUND TABLE has achieved a position acknowledged to be so far unique in our country, that all who are directly or indirectly interested in literature, in art, or in cognate subjects, will give their personal help, both by subscribing and inducing their friends to subscribe, towards enabling the conductors to accomplish their cherished wishes in the direction of continual improvement.

THE ROUND TABLE is distinctively a National paper. It seeks to foster American literature and to encourage rising talent in the honorable vocation of authorship. It will therefore give preference, when possible, to the discussion of American books, as well as to that of American art and to home subjects generally. In order, however, to present the freshest and most interesting intelligence from London THE ROUND TABLE has in its correspondence in that city a writer of whom the least that can be said is that the better they are known the more will his letters be admired. Contributors of the highest position in the English literary world will also write regularly for the paper, so as to insure for it the greatest attainable spirit and variety.

### BUSINESS TERMS.

\* \* On and after the 1st of January, 1867, the rates for advertising in THE ROUND TABLE will be raised twenty-five per cent. above the present scale. This will not, of course, apply to previous contracts, and exceptions will be made in favor of advertisers who may make arrangements for regular space during December for that and ensuing months.

\* \* The price of THE ROUND TABLE is six dollars per year. The Conductors have uniformly declined to lower this price, which, considering the great cost of publication and bearing in mind the paper and typography as well as the character of the contents of the journal, is much cheaper than many others which charge for subscription but half the money. But to give the widest opportunity to those for whom the rate may seem too high the Conductors offer (for the months of December and January only) the following

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The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence respecting them.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

### MR. SEWARD AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

MR. SEWARD'S characteristic note to Sir Frederick Bruce respecting the men whom *The Saturday Review* calls the Fenian convicts has had its anticipated effect upon that portion of the English press which his diplomatic papers commonly inspire with much the same amicable sentiments that a red rag does when flaunted in the face of a bull. It would have been, perhaps, too much to expect of our Secretary of State that he should have foregone the opportunity, while invoking "amnesty and forgiveness" for the Toronto prisoners, of suggesting that he did so "with freedom and earnestness, because the same opinions were proposed to us in our recent civil war by all the governments and publicists of Europe, and by none of them with greater frankness and kindness than by the government and statesmen of Great Britain;" and although the consciences or the sensitiveness of English publicists may translate the suggestion into a sneer, it is not, in candor, easy to see why our government should be precluded from undertaking in behalf of its own citizens kind offices which were so freely volunteered by the English government in behalf of aliens. Be this as it may, and whether there were more of waspish irony than benevolent intention or otherwise in his note, it is certain that the great mass of the American people believe Mr. Seward's parallel to be a sound one, and unquestionably sustain him in its application. The proposition, too, of *The Saturday Review*, that "if it was intended to spare their lives [those of Lynch and McMahon], it would, perhaps, be hard that they should be hanged in resentment of a provocation offered by an American Secretary of State," would also awaken a hearty response on this side the ocean, albeit it might be rather emphatic than cordial. The same journal observes that Mr. Seward's rudeness represents the undoubted fact that in a Canadian campaign the American army would probably outnumber any force which could be sent from England. If our cotemporary will pardon us the assertion, there are people in America, and plenty of them, who, while in this matter they may sustain Mr. Seward, are quite capable of rising above calculations of relative brute force and of considering international questions with judicial minds upon their intrinsic merits. There can be little doubt, for example, that to waive the *Alabama* claims would be prospectively better for this country, keeping in view the implicit value of the precedent for future wars, than to press them, if possible, to peaceful liquidation. And yet there can be no doubt at all about the wishes and convictions of Americans regarding this matter. They believe the *Alabama* claims to be honestly exigible, and it is positively certain that they will support their government in insisting upon their satisfaction to the very last penny.

*The Saturday Review* also contains what we may regard as a semi-official statement to the effect that Lord Derby's cabinet "is determined, if possible, to remove all causes of quarrel with a country which has for many a year cultivated unreciprocated ill-will to England." We are surely glad of this assurance, but sorry for the terms in which it is thought wise to put it. Can it be possible that the writer really believes that the American people hate England without supposing that they have some cause? Is it so very difficult for educated men to put themselves in the position of opponents and to look at the shield dispassionately from the other side? We have very earnestly at heart a desire to see the most cordial relations permanently subsisting between the mother country and our own; and we assure those transatlantic journalists who candidly reciprocate this desire that nothing throws greater difficulties in the way of its consummation, so far as this country is concerned, than this perpetual and irrational assumption

on the part of English writers who are most read here that American opinion is always and necessarily perverse, childish, and unsusceptible of logical substantiation. Were it not for the striking contrary efforts of such intellects as Mill, Bright, Vernon Harcourt, Forster, Cairnes, and many others, we should sometimes be driven to the conclusion that there existed in the British mind some phenomenal development which honestly incapacitated it from fairly judging the rights and feelings of any race which happened, like our own, to be both kindred and foreign; for it is to be observed that this incapable or distorted perception is never brought to bear upon any other people or subject, the proverbial common sense of Englishmen being in all respects save this one lucid, sturdy, and comprehensive.

We remember that in a House of Commons debate which occurred on the 13th of March, 1865, Messrs. Bright and Forster took up this subject, showing how, from their point of view, the people of the United States had been misrepresented and needlessly and foolishly exasperated by the Tory press; giving details and instances which made up collectively a very strong and convincing case. Their object was, of course, to show by what unwise processes the Americans, sensitive, proud, and tenacious as becomes their ancestry, had been embittered and alienated by practices having their source in prejudice alone and which were neither dictated nor supported by any tenable considerations of truth or national policy. *The Times* paused a day and then in its leading article (March 15), which animadverted upon the speeches in question, it said: "We cannot conceive what patriotic purpose is to be answered by labored arguments aiming to prove that the British government, independent British statesmen, and the British press have shown throughout the American war a systematic and mischievous partiality to the Confederate cause, have willfully mistaken the Federal words and deeds, and have even contributed to lengthen the war and multiply its horrors." That there was any propriety in saying these things because they were true, or because a purpose involving the purest patriotism might be shown in pointing out where wrong had been done which ought to be and could be remedied, was nowhere in this article even hinted at, and it furnishes an apt illustration of that incapacity or unwillingness to take an equitable survey of American topics which we have suggested as an English characteristic. It is however no more than fair to add that, within a week afterwards, Mr. Vernon Harcourt (Historicus) was permitted to write in the same columns as follows: "There are unhappily too many persons on both sides of the Atlantic who indulge themselves in the wicked and dangerous amusement of inflaming passions which they ought to soothe, and exasperating prejudices and misapprehensions which they ought to labor to remove. . . My ambition is of quite another sort. I desire, by a recourse to those fixed and ascertained principles of law and maxims of justice which are enshrined in the records of nations and the conscience of mankind, as the perpetual arbiters of truth and of peace, to remonstrate against an unreasonable anger and an unjust animosity. . . Let us appeal from these grievance-mongers, who trade in fancied wrongs and unfounded injuries, to the reason, the good sense, the good humor, and the justice of a kindred nation which is 'bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.'"

We greatly regret to see that *The Saturday Review*, which is so much read, so much quoted, and, apart from its anti-American politics, so much respected in this country, should have evinced of late a disposition to abandon the kinder spirit which for some time past had pervaded it, and to resume its old tone of acerbity and invective towards us—a tone which has done more than it perhaps suspects to engender the "ill-will" which in England, as it tells us, is "unreciprocated." It is plain that a time is coming which will require all the moderation and forbearance that can be mustered on both sides to avert collision. There are dangerous topics in the immediate future, from either of which sharp words may strike the sparks which may kindle the flames of war. *The Saturday Review* may dislike Mr. Seward as much as it pleases, but it has itself repeatedly acknowledged how in America, more than in any other country,

political action is usually more rational and moderate than political speech. Our system is such that the temptation is frequently great for prominent politicians to appeal to the coarser prejudices of a people whose good sense will not, however, consent to the measures the appeals would seem to presage. Acrimonious articles, such as those we allude to, are invariably availed of in this country to instigate and manufacture precisely that dislike for England and Englishmen which their writers complain of as so irrational and unfounded. If *The Saturday Review* and journals of similar aims employed writers like Mr. Vernon Harcourt or Mr. Mill, our demagogues would be deprived of one of their most effective weapons, and the constituency to which sarcastic notes like that of Mr. Seward so safely appeal would be greatly lessened in number and materially softened in animus.

### THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE.

WHAT the intending participants call a "great ocean yacht race" is extensively advertised to take place between Sandy Hook and the harbor of Cowes, Isle of Wight, the former being the starting point and the date Dec. 11th inst. This means that three schooners of a couple of hundred tons each, and owned respectively by Messrs. Lorillard, Osgood, and J. G. Bennett, Jr., are to cross the sea for the sake of getting some notoriety, very wet jackets, and an ostensible purse of ninety thousand dollars. The two first may be regarded as certain acquisitions, and as to the last it at all events chiefly concerns those immediately interested. We observe that some of our city contemporaries who are not so fortunate as to possess swift yachts, strong stomachs, or unlimited greenbacks are endeavoring to throw premature cold water on these venturesome tars, some indeed going so far as to insinuate that the owners will not sail in their vessels at all, but will go comfortably out in the Cunard steamer of the 12th, so as to be in ample time to receive the congratulations of their English friends upon their putative arrivals in the *Vesta*, the *Fleetwing*, and the *Henrietta* on New Year's Day following. Were such an arrangement really contemplated, and were the jaunty little fleet never to arrive, the conjuncture would be rather *mal apropos*; although assuredly the gentlemen who so pointedly preferred discretion to valor would in such a case have decidedly the best of the bargain.

But we entirely discredit these invidious rumors, which, whatever their origin, are not put forth in the best taste, and might very gracefully have been spared. If they are based on the assumption that there is anything very daring or surprising about the proposed enterprise, such a theory is surely pure nonsense. It requires no great pluck to cross the Atlantic in powerful, snug, weatherly craft of two hundred and odd tons, well manned and well handled, as these yachts are sure to be. We ourselves have seen more than one boat of less than half the size spinning gayly around Cape Horn; and have counted fishing smacks by the score many a league the other side of Cape Race making better weather of a heavy sou'wester than most of the square-rigged craft under close-reefed topsails. Provided our amateurs are untroubled with the *mal de mer*, we see no reason why they should not traverse the Atlantic in their trusty boats as well as take a run beyond the capes of Delaware. So far as the fun or the luxuries of the trip are concerned, apart from sea-sickness, we have not the least doubt that the situation of the voyagers will be most enviable. If one could be as sure through life of sound wines, choice cigars, and as good a chef for fresh or salt water as he would be safe to have aboard either of the three yachts, his lot would be brighter than that of most of us. Perhaps those who have never really tasted to the full the noble excitement of the tumbling waves and a slashing breeze far out at sea do not quite believe in the exquisite pleasures these joys can bring, for

"who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's madd'ning play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?"

The truth is, to detect the true animus of those who have been thus churlishly seeking to detract from the glory of the great ocean yacht race we must look further and deeper than we have yet done.



*Prima facie*, the daily rivals of *The Herald* should be delighted with young Mr. Bennett's departure, since the circumstance implies that that paper will thus be deprived of the point and sparkle which they so zealously strive to emulate; added to which the possible chance of his never coming back again might be supposed to add zest to their satisfaction. Clearly, there must be a strong motive to neutralize the enjoyment of advantages so obvious. Reflection has furnished us with a clue and made everything plain. It will be remembered that *The Herald* has of late done everything in its power to propitiate the Fenians; so far, indeed, has it gone in its attempts to please, that articles about Fenianism have even divided its columns with those which have been devoted to nursing and exploiting the fame of the great ocean yacht race. Now, when we come to couple this significant fact with the stirring news lately brought us from Ireland, and then connect the two with the date fixed for the sailing of the yacht fleet we are led to the door of a shrewd suspicion. Is Cowes harbor or Southampton water really so much more likely a destination for the squadron than Bantry Bay or the Cove of Cork? Is this doughty fleet, well armed, manned, and appointed, and capable of outrunning fleet steamers as it is, really destined for the mere holiday jaunt of a passage of the Atlantic at mid-winter? One of the vessels was, as we all know, in the national service, under her present commander, during the civil war, flaunting the stars and stripes in pomp and pride from Montauk to Hatteras, filling our loyal hearts with joy and spreading terror to the foe. Who knows but an admiral's green pennant may be in her locker, and that when we next hear of her it may be as spreading devastation in St. George's Channel, the flag-ship of the Irish navy?

We would not be thought alarmists; but the coincidences in this case are so striking, and previous circumstances familiar to all so fortify the hypothesis thus suggested, that we deem it worthy of public attention. The well-known hatred for the Fenian cause shown by the presses which have so ungenerously sought to slur and ridicule the great ocean yacht race would seem to indicate that they are in the secret of our own surmise, and thus account for their bitter feeling towards the ostensible contest and its participants. Feeling the importance of the aid thus promised to the Fenian cause, they seek to injure the prestige of the noble spirits who so generously propose to extend it. To load the great ocean yacht race and all connected with it with slanders and contumely seems to their little natures the best course to accomplish their malignant purpose. By this means they hope to induce a feeling of contempt and discredit, both in Ireland and America, which shall destroy that confidence in the squadron and its leaders so essential to success in its perilous and gigantic undertaking. We may, it is true, prove to be altogether mistaken in our present view of the great ocean yacht race; and should events prove that we have been, all we can say is that circumstances have pointed very strongly to the conclusion we have suggested, and that at least *se non e vero e ben trovato*.

#### THE STORM IN IRELAND.

THE intelligence which has reached us from Ireland is at once exciting and depressing. It makes the blood bound to hear that men, of whatever clime, feeling themselves oppressed, and animated by the heroic purpose to avenge past even more than present wrongs, should rush to arms determined to do all and dare all, even to the dog's death, rather than that their beloved country should be longer enslaved. No mean or craven motive can actuate men who go straightforwardly into a contest like this; and, whatever our opinions or our prejudices, we hope to do full justice to the patriotism and gallantry of Irishmen whose mistakes are in this case, as ever, those of the head rather than of the heart. We know that millions of Irishmen have thought and still think that England has for centuries misruled, cheated, and tyrannized over the land of their birth. We also know that a strong case can be made out in contravention of this general position, and that, moreover, the extensive modification of obnoxious acts, the loosening of the cords of injustice, have removed, within a few years past, what had previously consti-

tuted many just grounds of complaint. The bitterness which lives and burns in so many Irish hearts is the product of what has been rather than of what is. We do not mean to say that everything in Ireland to-day, so far as its government is concerned, is what it should be; but that so much has been done, although tardily done, within twenty years to remedy grievances and assuage complaint that the most important element of revolutionary success, namely, universal disaffection, cannot rationally be looked for. It is also to be remembered that Ireland, to her misfortune and to the benefit of her foes, has ever been divided against herself. The differences which separated the adherents of James and of William of Orange are as sharp and apparently as irreconcilable as ever they were; and even were it otherwise, and the country stood as a unit and were welded together by the immediate presence and smart of all the worst indignities she has ever groaned under, the chances of success in rising against British power would still be at best problematical.

Some of our own journalists, with a very natural feeling of sympathy for the excitement and patriotic enthusiasm of a large body of their fellow-citizens, have inclined to draw too sanguine a picture of the Fenian chances in the coming struggle. Assuming that there are only sixteen thousand English regulars collected in Ireland, by the last accounts, and that no greater number than perhaps forty thousand can be got together in the whole home empire, to meet which a Fenian army of two hundred thousand strong is declared to be available, they have deduced that the hopes of the insurgents are solidly based upon substantial probabilities of favorable issue. Now, if we suppose the patriot forces to be really as well drilled, equipped, and provisioned as their warmest friends wish and claim—a supposition which we are bound to say is very unlikely to be verified by the facts—and that they had only to meet one quarter of their number in the field, it might easily be admitted that their chances for victory would be very good ones. But such an hypothesis, without estimating the preponderance which must lie in the commissariat, the artillery, and the vast naval forces and reserves of the English government, leaves entirely out of account its immense body of trained volunteers which have been organized within the last ten years and which have been schooled to a proficiency in the use of the rifle by incessant practice and an elaborate system of competition. There cannot be the least doubt that the British if driven to make a strong pull on their resources could pour into Ireland in a week an actual army of volunteers, actually drilled and tolerably disciplined, quite equal in numbers to the whole Fenian army, accepting the estimate of the latter offered by its most sanguine supporters. What chance then would the Irish have with such combined force, provided with abundant artillery and stores, moved by steam, and directed by telegraph as it would certainly be?

We sympathize warmly and heartily with any body of men, of whatever nationality, who rise up to fight for what they deem their rights and who are prepared to sacrifice their lives in vindication of their freedom and their manhood. But in this case as in all cases the question is not one of ends alone, but of means. What real good is to be gained for the cause of Ireland's independence by the miserable slaughter, the probable decimation of thousands of her best and bravest children? Success in the attempt is all but impossible, while language can scarcely describe the disastrous results of failure. Our calculation as to figures and probabilities may certainly be refuted or partially modified by a variety of circumstances of which we have at present no knowledge; but until such shall be the case we must continue to believe that the true remedy for Irish grievances, and the true road to Irish happiness and prosperity lies, in a political alliance with the English working classes, organized and directed by the great English liberal party.

#### OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

ON the tenth day of last month eight ocean steamships sailed from New York for distant waters, and this interesting fact naturally directs the mind to the origin of ocean steam navigation. After the great principle of

the application of steam to the propelling of vessels had been established by Robert Fulton, a few small steamers were built for coast navigation, but the state of New York excluded them from her waters upon the ground that she had the exclusive right of that kind of navigation. For the right to build the *Walk-in-the-water*, for the navigation of the lakes—the first of the kind ever built—New York claimed and received the sum of five hundred dollars, but the Supreme Court promptly disposed of this claim, and steam navigation became open to the world.

The navigation of the ocean by steam now became an important question, and, notwithstanding the disheartening prophecies of Dr. Lardner, there were people in this country who took a more hopeful view of the subject. In 1818, there flourished in Savannah, Georgia, the wealthy and enterprising commercial house of Scarborough & Issacs. The head of the house had great confidence that at no distant date the ocean would be navigated by steam. He came to New York and purchased a ship of about three hundred and fifty tons, then on the stocks, and as a deserved compliment to his state and city named her the *Savannah*, and determined with her to try the experiment of crossing the ocean without sails. In casting about for the right kind of men to assist him he fixed upon Captain Moses Rogers, a person of great mechanical skill and ingenuity, who had been familiar and identified with the experiments of Fulton, but he was not a sea navigator. A thorough experienced and practical sailor was now wanted, and just such a man was found in the person of Captain Stevens Rogers. After having been furnished with an engine by Stephen Vail, of Morristown, conjointly with Daniel Dodd, of Elizabethtown, the *Savannah* was placed under the joint command of the two captains Rogers, the one to superintend and direct her machinery, the other to act as sailing master. They were two as intrepid and able men as the country could afford, and under their direction the ship sailed for Savannah on the 29th of March, 1819. The trial trip was highly successful. The vessel then proceeded to Charleston, and after being lionized there for a short time, took James Monroe, then President of the United States, to Savannah. On the 26th of May she sailed direct for Liverpool, making the passage in twenty-two days, eighteen of which were under steam, some economy of fuel having been deemed advisable, lest the supply should be exhausted.

During the voyage across the Atlantic several amusing incidents occurred, but we have room only for the two following, obtained directly from the officers in command: When the ship was approaching Cape Clear under steam she was discovered by the officers of the telegraph station, and was reported to the admiral in command at Cork as a ship on fire. The admiral at once dispatched a fast cutter, well manned, to her relief; but great was their wonder at their total inability, under all sail and with a good breeze, to come up with a ship under bare poles. After several shots had been fired from the cutter, the engine of the ship was stopped and the cutter permitted to approach, when her officers were invited on board to examine and admire the new invention. Soon after dropping her anchor in the harbor of Liverpool, a boat, manned with sailors in naval uniform, commanded by a lieutenant, came alongside, and the officer, in a tone more authoritative than pleasing, demanded of the first man he saw, "Where is your master?" "I have no master," replied the American. "Where is your captain, then, sir?" "He is below, sir," was the reply. On reaching the deck Captain Rogers asked the Englishman what he wanted. The officer replied, "My commander demands to know by what authority you wear that pennant, sir?" pointing with his sword to a coach-whip pennant flying at the main-mast head. To this the captain replied, "By the authority of my government, which is republican and permits me to do so." The officer then remarked that his commander considered it as an insult to him, and commanding the American to haul down the pennant, intimated that if it was not quickly done he would be supplied with help. This was a little too harsh for Yankee spirit to endure, and Rogers instantly gave the order to haul down the coach-whip, and to supply its place with a broad blue pennant, such as were worn by the commanders of squadrons in our own navy, and ranking with the highest grade in that of the British, and then, in a loud tone of voice—so that he might be heard by the English—he directed the engineer to get the hot water pipes ready. This order had the desired effect, although there was no such apparatus on board, and the gallant lieutenant and his crew pulled for dear life. The hot-water jeers, which were subsequently leveled at the British officers, caused them to start upon an early cruise.

The *Savannah* attracted great attention at Liverpool; was visited by the authorities, and, as her fame spread



to London, the crown officers, noblemen, and many leading merchants visited her. The officers were very anxious to ascertain her speed, her errand, and her destination. It was suspected by some that her design was to rescue Napoleon Bonaparte, then a prisoner at St. Helena, his brother Jerome having offered for that purpose a large sum. She was carefully watched by the British government, and ships of war were stationed at certain points for that purpose, which for a time prevented her departure from Liverpool.

She finally proceeded to Copenhagen, where she excited great manifestations of wonder and curiosity. Thence she proceeded to Stockholm, where she was visited by the royal family, ministers of state, and naval officers, who, by invitation, dined on board, and took an excursion among the neighboring islands, with which they were delighted. She then proceeded to St. Petersburg, having on board as a passenger one Lord Lyndock, who was so much pleased with the performance of the steamship that he presented to each of her officers some token of his esteem. To her sailing master was presented an elegant snuff-box of pure and massive gold, on the cover of which, inlaid in platinum, was a representation of Peter the Great asleep upon his horse, standing on the rock from which he viewed the Swedish army, with the serpent biting the heel of the horse, which awoke him in time to successfully attack the Swedes. At the bottom of the snuff-box was this inscription: "Presented by Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndock, to Stevens Rogers, sailing master of the steamship *Savannah*, at St. Petersburg, October 10, 1819." Lord Lyndock had taken passage on the steamer by invitation of Christopher Hughes, then American minister to Sweden. Upon her arrival at St. Petersburg, the vessel was visited by the entire court, who tested her qualities by a trip to Cronstadt, and so well pleased was the Emperor that he caused the officers to be treated with marked attention. They were invited to be present at a review of eighty thousand troops by the Emperor in person; and a frigate of the largest class was launched on the "Camels," and taken down to Cronstadt as an exhibition of the progress of the arts in Russia. The Emperor solicited Captain Stevens Rogers to remain in the Russian seas with his steamer, offering him the protection of the government and the exclusive navigation of the Black and Baltic seas for a number of years; and to Captain Moses Rogers the Emperor presented a handsome silver tea kettle. From St. Petersburg the *Savannah* sailed for Arendel, in Norway, and thence to Savannah, making the passage in twenty-five days. Thus ended the first voyage ever made across the Atlantic by a steamship. That was forty-seven years ago, and the history of ocean steam navigation during that eventful period will form one of the most important and interesting chapters in our annals of prosperity.

The chart used by Captain Rogers during his voyage as well as the log-book of the *Savannah* were solicited by the Navy Department about the year 1848, and it is believed that they are now in the safe-keeping of the department in Washington. Having been unfortunate in losing much of their property by fire, the owners of the *Savannah* sent her to New York, where she was sold. Her engine was purchased and taken out by the proprietors of the Allaire Works, and on the opening of the Crystal Palace in New York her cylinder was presented by them for exhibition, and it remained until the palace was consumed by fire, although a fac-simile of the cylinder and an engraving of the ship are in existence and in the hands of the captain of the *Savannah*.

Captain Stevens Rogers is still living, and resides in New London, Connecticut. He is now seventy-eight years of age, a fine specimen of an old-fashioned ship-master—some six feet in height and of stalwart proportions. He is said to be a most exemplary and excellent man and to be universally respected and esteemed. When quite young he was imprisoned by a British man-of-war, and on being released he determined afterwards to have his credentials of citizenship always with him—so he had imprinted on his arm his name, the date and place of his birth, and the figure of a hand pointing to the American flag. Those credentials are indelible and will remain until his strong arm shall molder into dust.

If Congress should make a handsome testimonial to Captain Stevens Rogers and the children of Captain Moses Rogers, who has long since been dead, the people would certainly say amen. It would be an act of simple justice, of duty and of pride, and might be made in money or land. And if our merchant princes, whose enterprise and whose wealth now cover the ocean with splendid steamers, were only to speak the word, they might do much to soften the down-hill of life of their pioneer upon the sea.

This last suggestion is made without the knowledge

or consent of Captain Rogers, for, as we are well assured, he is too proud to solicit what, if his circumstances were different, he would not receive.

#### A NATIONAL MUSEUM.

HOW many more years are to elapse before New York can boast of a good museum? that is, a scientific museum, with its working society, like the Boston Society of Natural History or the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences; a museum the collections of which, while furnishing material to the special student, shall cultivate in the public mind a taste for a more intellectual and refining enjoyment; a museum in which the ordinary beauties of nature shall form greater attractions to the eye than hideous deformities. So long as Barnum's heterogeneous collection of novelties takes the place of a legitimate museum, so long will the majority of people support it; for there exists, and always has existed, among the masses a morbid curiosity to gaze on any malformation or eccentric growth.

We remember reading an anecdote regarding the officers of a war steamer, who were in search of "curiosities," during a cruise among the Sandwich Islands, when a native, with an eye to profit, brought to the ship a bird's leg, freshly amputated, and offered it as a curiosity, asserting its novelty by pulling the severed tendons, thus causing the toes to contract, remarking at the same time, "see how nicely it works." It seems strange, indeed, that this wild Kanaka should have had a better idea of what was really interesting and worthy of attention in nature than those professing a more civilized ancestry. That this desire to witness everything *outré* in nature is nothing new may be inferred from Shakespeare, who alludes to this depraved curiosity in *The Tempest*, where Trinculo discovers the hideous Caliban prostrate in the sand, and, mistaking him for a fish, cries out: "Were I in England (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will give ten to see a dead Indian." And the remembrance of gaping crowds thronging in at Barnum's old museum only attests to the fact that people have not changed much in this respect from olden times.

This desire to stare at "dead Indians" or odd fish will not diminish so long as the public are tempted to no higher exhibition. We may be sure the public must be elevated from this low standard of enjoyment before they will look with abhorrence upon objects the contemplation of which now gives them pleasure.

Art has passed through this experience, and so must science. It is within our memory to recall the time when "plaster of Paris" cats smothered with lamp-smoke, and crude colored lithographs, gave place to the more elegant statuettes and chaste engravings. Only furnish higher material to the public, and they will ignore the crudities. It would seem that the time was now ripe for the New Yorkers to found something after the style of the British Museum or the Jardin des Plantes. Even the meager collection of animals at Central Park is sufficiently attractive to draw a crowd at all times. There is no reason why New York should be so backward in this matter. The two essential requisites are these, money and naturalists. Of those specially interested in natural history, many of them distinguished, we count sixty in a *Naturalist's Directory*, recently published by the Essex Institute, of Salem, Mass., while a host of others reside in the immediate vicinity.

The people are naturally gregarious, and clubs, societies, and organizations outside of natural history flourish; why then should not a natural history society flourish as well? It is only by comparison with other cities that the deplorable condition of New York in this respect is best seen. Boston, the center of this continent for science, has, first, the Boston Society of Natural History, with its superb collections and library, contained in a building costing \$104,000, while its real estate and funds outside of building and collections is valued at \$185,618. This favorable condition of affairs attests to the liberality and intellect of the public and state.

The Institute of Technology has \$100,000 in a building, besides a large working fund, with the best talent in the land adding luster and renown to its name. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences issue their valuable quarto publications, and possess one of the choicest scientific libraries in America. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, founded by Francis C. Grey, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 towards it, has received from its friends in Boston and Cambridge \$71,000 and a grant from the state of \$100,000, beside a valuable piece of land from Harvard College. It started into life in the year 1859, with this nest-egg of over a quarter

of a million of dollars. Since then the museum has received additional aid from its friends and the state. Their alcoholic collections are the largest in the country, and the present building is already too small to exhibit even a small portion of their accumulations.

The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, incorporated in 1812, has been one of the foremost institutions of the country. In the year 1860 their library contained 24,300 volumes, and their collections over 200,000 species, and the publications of their journal and proceedings form a library of themselves. The "academy" has received no aid from the state, except in being exempted from taxation.

In the far West they are not idle in this matter, for the Academy of Natural Sciences of Chicago came into existence a short time ago with \$250,000 of capital. But in the East, even in so small a town as quiet Salem, they have a society called the Essex Institute devoted to history and the sciences. This society is in a healthy and thriving condition; during the year one hundred and fifty-seven resident members have been elected, and the present number of resident members is five hundred and two. Their historical papers are issued in bi-monthly parts, and their natural history papers in quarterly parts, forming publications of the highest value. Their field meetings, held during the summer in various parts of the country, tend greatly to promote and foster a love for these studies. Space will not allow us to mention numerous other societies of this nature, though we must speak of the California Academy of Natural Sciences of San Francisco, which is doing so much to develop the natural history of a region but little known to the scientific world. All the above-mentioned societies number from two to four hundred resident members each.

Now let us glance at New York, and see what is being done by the largest city on the continent. The New York Lyceum of Natural History, though incorporated in 1818, being nearly the oldest society of the kind in America, had in 1864 only eighty-eight resident members, and of this number only thirty-two paying their annual fees, a sum amounting in the aggregate to \$160. If we mistake not, they have no building, and their collections are packed away in boxes. Through the enterprise of a few zealous members they continue the publication of their *Annals*, but otherwise there appears no evidence of life in the organization. The cause of science seems to fail in every way in the Empire City. For example, in 1814 the state, in order to promote science, granted to Columbia College two hundred and twenty lots, now in the center of the city, worth ten years ago \$400,000. This grant was made for a botanic garden, and one of the conditions was that the college should deliver "at least one healthy exotic flower, shrub, or plant, of every kind of which they should have more than one, together with the jar or vessel containing the same, to the trustees of each of the other colleges of this state who should apply for the same."

In the language of one of its trustees not long ago, "I cannot think it very handsome of the college to ask, as it did not five years afterwards, to be relieved from this duty; but science was forgotten, and flowers, shrubs, plants, and botanic garden melted into thin air."

In the winter of 1829-30 there was exhibited in Boston a skeleton purporting to be that of the "Behemoth." The exposure of this as an imposture in one of the papers of that day led to the formation of a society to take steps toward preventing a repetition of such humbugs being brought before a too credulous public. This society formed the nucleus of the present Boston Society of Natural History. Is it not a propitious moment for a society to be formed in New York not only to guard the public against a renewal of such ridiculous impostures as the "Aztec children," "Japanese mermaids," etc., but to place before the public, free of charge, an exhibition of objects whose features shall be attractive rather for the amount of information gained than for the gratification of morbid curiosities?

#### CRINOLINE AND THE STYLE EMPIRE.

IN obedience to those decrees—vague yet imperative—which come to us from some unknown source in Paris, crinolines are collapsing; rapidly in the street, slowly in the drawing-room but decidedly, and with but small probability of future expansion. Few fashions have so long withstood the furious attacks of mankind as the hoop. During its former reign, a hundred years and better ago, letters, furious, complaining, or satirical appeared, as we all know, in *The Spectator*, as they now have appeared in *Punch* or *The Times* or our own press, and equally in vain, until its appointed time came, and it fell before the rage for classic decoration which culminated in the spindle-shanked chairs and sofas of Josephine's drawing



room, the hideously unsafe-looking sideboards of Carlton House, and the scanty draperies of the beautiful Hortense and Lady Charlotte Bury. Nothing is more difficult than to combine the useful and the beautiful, especially with dress, in which both qualifications are equally demanded. The splendid costumes of the middle ages appeal strikingly to our eyes, and from among their great variety many of our garments are derived, but their whole idea of life, with its splendors and decorations, furred robes, and jeweled mantles, pre-supposed a multitude of inferiors (as the Greek ideal a multitude of slaves), who could never in the nature of things copy the dress of their superiors. With the gradual uprising of the middle class, sumptuary laws became first necessary and then useless, the gorgeous and picturesque and strongly-individualized costume became gradually more somber and more uniform, until a democratic equality, if not a republican simplicity, at last prevails. The real difficulty about female dress is one of social distinction, it being nearly impossible to devise a costume which shall look elegant and yet give freedom for needful work; but nothing can apparently persuade women to do the only sensible thing, *i. e.*, to wear a regular costume adapted to their requisite labors. During Thackeray's favorite period (the close of the last century), with its small hoops, tucked-up skirts, and clocked stockings, jaunty little cap with flowing ribbons, and lace mittens pulled up to the elbow, all figures and faces might find it possible to dress becomingly; but there were still strong distinctions drawn, and servants in those days wore suitable garments, and did not break china ornaments, knock down your children, or set themselves on fire by marching about your house in huge wire cages. In decorative art, by following the Greeks and depending on beauty of form in pottery, and contrast of pure color in fresco or wall paper, we can, *with taste*, combine a wonderful amount of beauty with utility. But in dress our climate, our prejudices, and our angular figures are inexorably against us. Nothing can be more lovely than the long, gold-bordered robes in which painters of the French classic school love to drape their groups; nothing more convenient, in a warm climate, than the costume of the Diana; and nothing more unsuited than either to our modern customs. Fancy any one dancing a galop in long draperies, even if looped up to the knee on one side; or skating in the warmest possible modification of the Huntress's costume! By following the Greeks pretty closely the beauties of the imperial court succeeded in displaying their charms to the greatest advantage; while those too prudish or too plain to endure such scanty covering only succeeded in looking like those members of Noah's family which the patient German toy-maker year after year puts into his perennially interesting ark.

*Il faut vivre* and women have an unerring instinct which teaches them the necessity of looking their best, and if a fashion is ugly it is modified or exaggerated until, at any rate, it becomes piquant and attractive. Therefore the Greek model is especially dangerous in the present day, for in following it a woman will be either dowdy or what would now be considered indecent; and as no New York young lady could possibly endure to be the former, she might, when deprived of *bouffante* skirts, be in danger of approaching the latter to a degree which would throw the horrors of crinoline far into the shade; and we fear that if the present indications of an approach to the *Style Empire* be followed up to the usual extremes, the complainers to *Punch* and *The Times*, as well as our own masculine grumblers, will find they have exchanged King Log for King Stork.

#### CRUEL KINDNESS.

ONE of the most sacred of the privileges of a free-born American citizen is to make himself ridiculous in what manner and at what time he may select. This is one of our guaranteed republican rights; and is even sanctioned by a higher law, provided society be only amused and not injured thereby. It is a pity that the president of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" cannot be brought to feel that he has done, and is likely to do, many things which will seriously injure the very cause which he so heartily endeavors to serve and which has the sympathy of every humane citizen. The public has been interested and amused with the erratic exploits of Mr. Bergh among the chicken dealers, the turtle importers, and the butchers who do not administer an anæsthetic before they kill, but perhaps is not fully aware of the good which has already resulted from the establishment of the society, or the good which is to be accomplished in the future. Before the society went into operation, instances of unnecessary and disgusting cruelty to poor dumb animals were of daily occurrence in the public streets, shocking the sensibilities of

all reflecting persons. Without enumerating these violations of decency, suffice it to say that many of them have already been stopped; calves are no longer packed in a little cart, with their legs tied and their heads hanging over the sides and perhaps against the wheels; a man is not permitted to shockingly belabor a poor horse simply because he is too angry to endeavor to make the willing brute understand what he is to do; that animal that has faithfully served his owner, perhaps, for years cannot be left to a lingering death in the streets because he has broken his leg; and so with a host of other abuses too numerous to mention.

A great deal, however, yet remains to be done. The letter of Mr. Bergh in which he refers to the transportation of cattle from the West to this market reveals a condition of things not only shocking to the moral sense of the public, but of great detriment to the public health. This should not take place in a civilized community; and the only way in which it can be remedied is by the efforts of a society such as we now have. It is shocking to see, as may be seen any day, groups of children of both sexes surrounding the open doors of slaughter-houses to watch the butchers kill. The brutalizing effect of this is inevitable, and such exhibitions should be stopped. No one can see without a pang a pair of attenuated horses nobly straining every muscle to start an overladen car on a slippery day, and we have a right to demand that such sights be banished from the streets of New York. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will remedy all this in time, as has already been done by the London Society; but to do all this not only is it necessary that the society have the full support of the law, but it must have moral weight with the community. The latter is impaired by every laughable display of ignorance made by the society through its enthusiastic president.

As far as the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is individually concerned, in his various troubles and tribulations, we confess that he has little of our sympathy. We think it is rather hard that the poor man who was honestly earning his daily bread by killing chickens in a proper and scientific manner should have his respectable occupation stigmatized as cruelty in pinching the necks of chickens and throwing them into a barrel in a brutal and inhuman manner. Does the president of the society eat chickens? If they were killed by etherization or allowed to die a natural death, they would haunt him through many a night. If the worthy mariner in the turtle trade should sue the president for defamation of character and false imprisonment and recover damages, the verdict of many would be, "Served him right." On the turtle question Mr. Bergh was all wrong, and displayed an ignorance of the natural history and habits of this succulent chelonian only equaled by his anxiety to enlighten the public on the subject. If Mr. Bergh will suggest any way of making a green turtle eat and drink while in captivity, or if he will relate the circumstances under which he has seen a turtle eat or drink, or state if he has ever seen any one who has witnessed the process, he will do us a service. The familiar comparison between the pangs of a crushed worm and the death of a giant is very touching and poetical, but is not scientifically accurate. In any work upon comparative anatomy or physiology will be found a full description of the nervous system of worms and turtles, and there is no doubt that both are possessed of nerves endowed with sensibility; but while there is no exact method of estimating the pain experienced by a cold-blooded animal from irritation or injury of parts, it is certain that piercing a turtle's fins gives much less actual suffering than piercing a lady's ears. It is all very well to sympathize with the chickens and the turtles; but the poor men who have been disturbed in their legitimate business, have been compelled to find bail, to pay counsel, etc., should also receive some consideration.

Another duty which Mr. Bergh seems to think the society is now called upon to perform is to abolish in this country the study and the demonstrative teaching of the science of physiology. In a long letter published some days ago in one of the daily papers he attempts to show that experimentation upon living animals is barbarous, unnecessary, and its usefulness, if it ever had any, is now past. We do not believe that Mr. Bergh has any desire to put the smallest obstacle in the way of scientific progress, and he should know that working physiologists can spend their time more to the advantage of human knowledge in following out their science than in defending themselves against the charge of cruelty to dumb animals. Though there are a few physiologists in this country who, by their original investigations, have become favorably known to men of science, both at home and abroad, they do not hold a very prominent place before the general public. It is not very creditable to this city that they should be first thrust into notice as the perpe-

trators of the most heartless and unnecessary cruelty upon dumb, unresisting animals; or that those whom they ought to revere as the great men of the past, whose services to mankind have been incalculable, as Magendie, who in his day attracted disciples from all parts of the civilized world, should be spoken of as miscreants and so on. If Mr. Bergh will spend a little time in studying the history of vivisections, he will find that the question of unnecessary cruelty has been settled long ago, and his society can do no good by opening it again. And, furthermore, if he will go to some reliable source for his scientific information, he will find that no great physiological discovery was ever made except by experiments upon living animals, and that this method of study is daily producing new facts and discoveries in the science of life. In any public library he will find the Sydenham translation of the works of William Harvey, M.D. The first chapter of the great work on the *Motion of the Heart and Blood* commences in these words: "When I first gave my mind to vivisections, as a means of discovering the motions and uses of the heart," etc. In the original it is "*Cum multis vivorum dissectionibus, uti ad manum dabatur, animam ad observandum primum applicui.*" etc. The second chapter is entitled *Of the Motions of the Heart, as Seen in the Dissection of Living Animals*. And yet Mr. Bergh states in his letter that this discovery "was effected by dissections of dead subjects." It is true that a layman may not be expected to know all about the various discoveries in physiology; but in that case he should let the subject alone. When Harvey published his great work, he not only gave to the world the greatest physiological discovery of any age, but he indicated the true method of study in physiology, one which is bearing its fruits at the present day and will be employed for all time. As to teaching physiology successfully without demonstrations, one might as well expect to teach chemistry or physics without illustrations.

If the public-spirited gentlemen who constitute the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals support their president in all his vagaries, it will become a question whether animals are to be used by man at all. Animals, to be eaten, must be killed, and killing involves the agony of death. Let it be done as quickly and with as little public exposure as possible, but it must be done. The city appropriates a certain sum of money for killing many hundreds of miserable, useless dogs during each summer. If some of them can be used to advance the science of life, or to educate medical students, let it be done as humanely as possible, but it should be done. This humane and useful society has its work, which should be well done; but it should confine itself to that which is really useful and practicable, and, above all, should not allow itself to be brought into contempt and ridicule. Will not some of the practical men connected with this society consider whether it could not be made more useful by a slight change in its organization?

#### CRITICISMS WRITTEN FOR THE ROUND TABLE BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.

[AUTHOR OF "THE DEAN'S ENGLISH," ETC.]

NO. VI.

THE HON. GEORGE P. MARSH.

I REJOICE that my letters have called forth hostile criticism, because now, happily, we shall be able to blend amusement with instruction; and, by good-humoredly laughing at the faults which each writer commits, induce the public to join in our mirth, and to take an interest in a study which hitherto, perhaps, they have regarded as intolerably dull.

There is, in *The Nation* of October 18, a letter dated from Trinity College and signed "S." It purports to be a review of *Moon's English*. I am always thankful for the criticisms of any one who shows, by his mastery over the language, that his critical opinions are deserving of respect. But when a would-be critic of my language is unable to see the faults in his own, I smile at the expression of his benevolent intentions; and, while thanking him very cordially for his proffered services, decline to place myself under his tuition.

The second sentence in the letter of my collegiate friend is as follows: "Mr. Marsh is, of course, quite able to carry on a contest with Mr. Moon triumphantly, if he would be at the trouble to do it, and certainly does not need to call for any assistance." An elegant writer would have said, "*triumphantly to carry on a contest with Mr. Moon,*" and not, "*to carry on a contest with Mr. Moon triumphantly,*" and how can Mr. Marsh's ability to carry on a contest be dependent on his will? Mr. S. says that Mr. Marsh is "able . . . if he would," etc. But that is not all; for Mr. S. adds, "and certainly does not need to call for any assistance;" that is, he is able "*if he would*" be at the trouble to do it, and [*if he*] certainly



does not need to call for any assistance." Mr. S. ought to have said "and he certainly does not need to call for any assistance." But as the sentence stands, we are told that Mr. Marsh's ability to carry on the contest with Mr. Moon triumphantly is dependent on the possession of two things: the will to be at the trouble and the certainty of his not needing to call for any assistance. Should he fall in either of these matters, his triumph would, in the judgment of Mr. S., be doubtful! This is truly rich. But, after all, Mr. S. may be right; for, certainly, if Mr. Marsh needed his assistance, the case would indeed be a hopeless one.

I will examine the composition of another sentence of Mr. S.'s, and then proceed to investigate his critical opinions. In the same paragraph as that from which I just now quoted I read, "Perhaps his [Mr. Moon's] carelessness is due to the fact that he is writing for Americans, of whose ability to speak or write the English correctly he has, at times, been hardly able to conceal his doubts." I am constrained to protest here against the injustice of this remark. I have on every occasion stood up in defense of the Americans; and those who know me and have read *The Dean's English* can witness to the truth of this assertion. It is the Dean of Canterbury who has maligned the people whose first President's name I am proud to bear. This is by way of parenthesis; now let us examine the structure of the sentence. "To speak or write" should be "to speak or to write;" the acts are different, and therefore the preposition should be repeated after the disjunctive conjunction "or;" and then "to speak or write the English" should unquestionably be "to speak or to write English." "English" is the language; "the English" is the people. We can no more speak "the English" than we can speak "the Americans."

Mr. S. asks whence I get the word "firstly." It is a word used by Lord Eldon, and is found in *The Quarterly Review* and in  *Worcester's American Dictionary*, and it has just as much *raison d'être* as has either "secondly" or "thirdly."

Mr. S. objects to the word "cotemporaries." I really do not know how that word came to be printed in my letter in THE ROUND TABLE. I am certain that in the manuscript which I sent to America I did not say "the pages of one of your cotemporaries." I said "the pages of *The Nation*." As for the word "cotemporaries," which Mr. S. hopes may not take root, and which he says Dr. Bentley called "a downright barbarism," Dr. Ogilvie, one of our best lexicographers, says, in his dictionary—"CONTEMPORARY, see Cotemporary, the preferable word."

Mr. S. appears to think that "in words compounded with the inseparable preposition *con* we retain the *n* before a consonant and expunge it before a vowel and before an *h* mute." Indeed? How happens it, then, that we say *co-bishop*, *co-herald*, *co-guardian*, *co-partner*, *co-worker*, *co-surety*, *co-defendant*, *co-lessee*, *co-trustee*, *co-tenant*, *co-regent*, etc., etc.? Why do we say *cohabit*, and not *conhabit*? Why do we say *covet*, and not *convet*? Why do we say *covenant*, and not *convenant*? The first syllable of each of these words is from the Latin *con*, and the second syllable begins with a consonant. If Mr. S. should ever be on a jury, he would doubtless make his *co-jurors conjurors*; and in speaking of the co-founders of the great American Republic would call them *con-founders*!

Mr. S. objects also to my use of the word "fault" as applied to grammar and to composition, and would substitute the word "error," assigning as his reason that "error respects the act, fault respects the agent." I suppose, then, that geologists ought not to call a dislocation of part of the earth's crust "a fault," but "an error!" Will Mr. S. have the goodness to suggest the alteration to his geological friends?

He condemns my use of the preposition "of" in the phrase "not a fault of grammar, but of composition," and would substitute *in* for *of*. But "a fault of composition" is one thing, and "a fault in composition" may be quite another thing. *Of* relates to source, whereas *in* relates to place. A fault of composition must, of course, be a fault in composition; but a fault in composition need not necessarily be a fault of composition. It may be a fault of grammar. Mr. S. seems to know of only one meaning to the word "of," namely, that of possession; for he asks, "Whose error of composition was it? Was it the composition's error?" This is worse than childish. Does Mr. S. really believe that "the fear of the Lord" means that there is a feeling of fear in the mind of the Almighty? Is this what is taught at Trinity College? O fie!

With similar short-sightedness Mr. S. stumbles over

\* As the name of that paper was repeatedly mentioned in the article, we thought the other construction a not uninteresting variety, and therefore took the liberty of making the alteration.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

the very obvious meaning of the same preposition as it is used in the expression, "the signature of a great name." Of has at least a dozen significations, and in the above expression I have used it in the sense of *consisting of*.

Mr. S. objects likewise to the expression, "too true a scholar," and says, "Hobbs and Whately declare that only assertions can be true or false." Has Mr. S. never read in the history of Joseph, "We are all one man's sons; we are true men; thy servants are no spies"? Did Mr. S. never hear of the "true God"? I commend to Mr. S., for his attentive perusal, an old-fashioned book called "The Bible."

Mr. S. has, evidently, no delicate keenness of perception for the niceties of meaning conveyed in terms which are nearly synonymous. I had spoken of my wish "to offer a word of caution to young students against allowing themselves to be tempted to adopt certain inaccuracies," and Mr. S. very innocently says, "Does he mean anything more than to offer a word of caution to young students against adopting certain inaccuracies?" Most certainly I do. I mean very much more. Does Mr. S. not know the meaning of even the word "temptation"? Or would he wish me to take the opposite view of the matter and infer that, in his experience, to be tempted and to yield to the temptation is one and the same thing?

I am aware that "purpose" and "propose" are derived from the same Latin word, but, like many other words which come from one common root, they differ in signification, and differ far more than do the kindred words "proposal" and "proposition." Of these Mr. S. says: "A proposition, when accepted to, is followed by an act on the part of those to whom it is submitted. A proposal, when accepted, is followed by an act on the part of the proposer." I do not know whether Mr. S. rejoices in a state of single blessedness or not; but if he does, and if he should one day be "tempted" by a pair of bright eyes to make a proposal of marriage, I hope he will experience that his proposal is followed by a very loving act on the part of the fair one, and that he will live to find that not only an assertion but also a woman can be true.

LONDON, NOV. 2, 1866.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, NOV. 17, 1866.

MR. HERWORTH DIXON has signalized his return from America by publishing in *The Athenæum* his views upon the subject of international copyright between England and the United States. "I am induced (he says) to say a few words about the state in which I found that question in the minds of authors, publishers, and legislators in America, and (so far as a man could learn such a fact in traveling over ten thousand miles of American ground and mixing with all classes of the people) how it stands generally in the minds of the reading classes." I do not know how far copyright law is studied among you in the backwoods, or down South, or in the Rocky Mountains; but here I can assure you it would be to little purpose that an inquirer on this subject should travel far or interrogate many people. Indeed, I can imagine a man wandering over twice ten thousand miles on this side of the Atlantic without finding a dozen persons who could give him a rational idea on the subject. It is more to the purpose that Mr. Dixon has talked about it with all the eminent men in the Union, and all the great publishers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and has possessed himself as far as he could of the views of "the politicians from Secretary Seward and Vice-President Foster down to the humblest member of Congress." But, unfortunately, all this weight of authority with which Mr. Dixon has so laboriously invested himself does not enable him to add a single fact to what we knew before, or even to what was included in Mr. Anthony Trollope's address the other day. All the authors (he says) are in favor. Did anybody doubt it? Why should Professor Longfellow insist on having only one market when he can have two? or why should he be clamorous for Ticknor's right to get poetry for nothing? As to the publishers, too, have we not always known that the majority did not care whether they had a copyright convention or not, simply because if they had to pay their authors they would have a substantial return in the form of an exclusive right to publish. As to the politicians down to "the humblest member of Congress," Mr. Dixon does, indeed, give us

what looks like a piece of news, a substantial fruit of his ten thousand miles' pursuit of copyright knowledge. They have, he is able to tell us, "no objection to a copyright law as such." But this really comes to the same thing as Mr. Trollope told us; for it is admitted that as yet, unfortunately, a majority of them decline to vote for it. Only Mr. Dixon can tell you why. He knows that in their secret hearts the politicians have no objection; but the constituencies control them. It is the people who will not as yet give up the use of "stolen books." Well, this again, I am afraid, comes to the same thing; for, I suppose constituencies do among you, as indeed they do even among us—exercise a considerable control over the votes of members of the legislature. So that on the whole I cannot see how we learn from Mr. Dixon that "we are nearer to a settlement of this question than many persons suppose." Not one single fact does his letter add to what has long been familiar to all who have given the slightest attention to this question.

I wish to add a few remarks on the tone in which Mr. Dixon treats this subject. The word "stealing" is very frequent in his letter. "Rank injustice," "literary pirates," "Cornish wreckers," the "evil trade," the "curse of all wrong-doing," "thieves," "stolen books," "preference for other people's property," "ignorant men who cannot be made to see that robbing an author of his property," etc.—such are a few of the phrases which he thinks appropriate to the occasion. Now, I think that any man who has really studied this important question will agree with me that this kind of writing only proves that the writer has not yet learned the very alphabet of his subject. There can be no stealing, pirating, or wrecking where there is no property; and an American publisher who reprints an English book without paying the author no more commits a breach of good morals than an English publisher who reprints without fee to an author's family any work of which the limit of copyright fixed by law has expired. It is quite true that your people, if not your publishers, are responsible if there is any breach of morals in the matter. There ought, I admit, to be a copyright arrangement between the two countries; but this question, like every other public question, must be discussed simply with reference to its relations with human welfare. The necessity for a change is not proved by the very natural yearning of British authors after the dollars of the American publishers. Let us suppose, merely for argument's sake, that it is certain that the result of international copyright would be that books in America would not only be dearer but inferior and less abundant. Mr. Dixon and many other *littérateurs* of his class, who are more familiar with *belles lettres* than with speculations in moral science, would probably still say *fiat justitia*; but justice, as every student of Bentham or Mr. Mill knows very well, has no meaning in this use. Mr. Dixon has entirely forgotten that copyright law in his own country is based upon principles totally different from those which he thinks the only touchstones in your case. Has Mr. Dixon, I wonder, ever considered why it is that the laws of his own country limit a man's right to his own book to forty-two years; and to his own mechanical invention, or engraving, or sculpture, or design in the arts to a much less term even than that? Would he have the descendants or assignees of Simmons still enjoy the exclusive right to publish *Paradise Lost*, by virtue of that worthy's five pounds paid to the poet for his absolute copyright? If not, there is an end to all his scolding about piracy and stealing, and appropriating other people's property. I have in a recent letter pointed out what are the true reasons, founded on the public good, in favor of international copyright, and in so doing I have only expressed the views on the subject of all writers worthy of the name of "thinkers" in this country. I have faith enough even in those wicked "reading classes," which Mr. Dixon tells us are the chief stumbling-blocks, to believe that public opinion in America will ultimately justify legislative action in this matter. I did not indeed know till Mr. Dixon, fresh from "surveying mankind" with "extensive view," told us so, that the distrust and discontent which he found prevailing in America had displaced not only a feeling of "love" but a feeling of "reverence" towards us; but I did know that our *Rule Britannia* was never popular on your side, and some of our notions on international law, if I remember rightly, were even before our present little difficulty certainly not regarded with any feeling of reverence. But I am not in a position to dispute the testimony of a recent tourist who has devoted so much reflection and locomotion to the study of these points.

As Mrs. John Wood, who made her appearance in the character of "Miggs" in *Barnaby Rudge* at the Princess's Theater, the other night, is an American actress, I have no doubt your papers will have told you that her appearance led to a "scene" between Mr. Vining, the



manager, and his audience. To tell the truth, Mrs. John Wood is not a success here. I do not know what position she held on your stage, but, judging from her first performance, we regard her as hardly above the lady who does the half-comic, half-serious business at our music halls. Mr. Vining's notion that there was a conspiracy to hiss was, I feel satisfied, unfounded. The fact is that that gentleman when he has invested a large sum in producing a new play is generally slow to believe that any expression of dissatisfaction among his audience can be other than the result of a conspiracy, or can proceed from anybody but some fellow "destitute of all the feelings of a gentleman." Our audiences bear these snubbings very meekly, and the managers become, as may be expected, more and more dictatorial. We have had three or four such open ruptures between manager and audience lately.

To tell the truth, our dramatic critics are chiefly to blame for this. By their soft-spoken notices of new pieces they have completely corrupted the managerial mind, for which no flattery is too gross and no amount of concealment of defects any more than the manager thinks himself entitled to. This same Mr. Vining some time since detected one of these dramatic critics, who generally sit in the front rows of the pit stalls hissing a scene, and he immediately came forward and pointed him out, declaring at the same time that the noise came only from the critical quarter and from those who were there by his favor, paying nothing for their seats. The critical gentlemen did certainly resent this attack upon their liberties, and one of their number arose and replied before the whole house to the manager's remarks. But I have not heard that any newspaper has in consequence declined to accept free seats in Mr. Vining's theater. The fact is that the morality of our journals in this matter is still very lax. Not only does the writer of dramatic criticisms accept stalls and boxes gratis, but nearly every journal exercises the privilege of writing free admissions, which custom compels them to give to their principal advertisers. I wish our newspaper proprietors would see that privileges of this kind are valueless as compared with the advantages of independence—not to speak of their moral obligation towards their readers to keep their contributors unbiased. I saw some time since a letter from a manager (as some of our papers will, perhaps, cry "Name! Name!") I may as well say at once that it was Mr. Swanborough, of the Strand Theater) addressed to the editor of *The Daily News*—as you know, one of the most respectable of our journals—in which the writer announced his determination to withdraw the critic's privileges, on the ground that his criticism "did his theater more harm than good." It may be imagined to what extent managers must have been corrupted before they could thus assume that the critic's office is simply to do a theater "good." Of course, I do not say that there is no such thing as honest dramatic criticism here; but a public writer should be above reproach. I wish, however, that these were the least temptations to which our dramatic critics are exposed. It is the fault of editors if they permit their contributors in this field to be also writers, or, rather, translators and adapters, of pieces for the theaters. It is too much to expect that any man who is offered for a farce adapted from the French just three times its market value will object to the manager's liberality simply because he is the critic of *The Daily Censor*, and bound to write honest articles.

I do not know what weight (if any) is attached on your side to dramatic criticism in our papers; but perhaps you may be willing to learn who are our dramatic critics, which can hardly be called a secret here. There is Mr. John Oxenford, who writes for *The Times*, a man of learning and a good judge of dramatic wares, who also writes the dramatic criticisms, as well as those famous articles on naughty French plays and books which occasionally appear in *The Saturday Review*. He may always be seen on first nights in a solitary box, shunning all society, but particularly that of ladies, whose small talk he holds in abhorrence. He is famous among the box attendants for refusing all refreshment during the progress of a piece, however late it may detain him; but he will not write an article until he has been home and, as we say, "slept upon it." Then we have John Hollingshead and Moy Thomas, who represent *The Daily News*. The former, who also writes for *The London Review*, and occasionally for *Punch*, is, perhaps, the plainest and most outspoken of the theatrical critics. Managers hate him accordingly; and his recent evidence before the parliamentary committee in favor of "free trade in the drama" has served to widen the breach. Moy Thomas would, perhaps, be a good critic if he had any sympathy with the stage and was not fond of theorizing and philosophizing. He is more at home, I suspect, in writing about the

finances of Europe and America, and feels in the theatre like a fish out of water. *The Daily News*, by the way prides itself in always having its criticisms out the next morning, however late the performance. *The Telegraph* sends Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who writes farces and pantomimes; *The Morning Star*, Mr. Leicester Buckingham. This gentleman is a great adapter from the French, criticises his own plays, and always proves to his own satisfaction that the adaptation is better than the original. This gentleman is, perhaps, the most ecstatic of all our critics, and is, as may be supposed, on good terms with the managers. Every actress is in his eyes divine—her "facial expression," her "emotional power," etc., all that can be desired; consequently, if any brother critic lags behind in raptures of this kind, L. B. always takes up the cudgels and calls his critical brother (for these little amenities of literature are, unfortunately, not confined to America) "a cowardly assailant" or "a dastardly attacker of a lady's reputation." *The Pall Mall Gazette* critic is Mr. G. H. Lewes, who is thoroughly independent, though crotchety, and sometimes Mr. Sutherland Edwards, late *Times* correspondent in Poland, and author of novels and books about music and the Russian people. *The Examiner* critic is its editor, Henry Morley, professor of literature in King's College, London, and author of many well-known works. He has lately reprinted a volume of his dramatic notices. He is one of the most independent of his class; knows little, however, about the stage, though much about dramatic literature, English and foreign. *The Athenaeum* critic is John Heraud, a writer of ponderous epics, unactable plays, and transcendental books about Shakespeare and other subjects. His criticisms have no weight, and he is sometimes replaced by Dr. Doran, who has the advantage of not being a play writer or adapter, but who is so fond of telling you all about the history of the theater, and the play, and what old players played in it (if it is an old one), that he always finds himself compelled to omit to criticise the matter in hand for want of space. Mr. T. G. Tomlins, a man also learned in theatrical lore, and one of the most active of those who procured the abolition of our old patent theaters some thirty years since, represents *The Morning Advertiser*, and occasionally *The Reader*. Mr. T. W. Robertson, successful author of the comedies of *Ours*, *Society*, and *David Garrick*, writes for *The Illustrated Times*; Mr. Charles Dumphy for *The Morning Post*; and Mr. Desmond Ryan—a wonderful critic, who once elaborately criticised a performance of Madame Bosio's three days before it took place, for which surprising feat, however, an unappreciating editor suspended him for awhile from his duties. Such is the list of our dramatic writers. They deserve to be known; for if there be any truth in the opinions of the late Mr. Leigh Hunt on the possible power of conscientious dramatic criticism, they are in no small degree responsible for the degraded condition of the British drama.

The advertising pages of the English portion of the great catalogue of the approaching Paris exhibition has been taken by a speculative printer here, who announces the following modest prices for advertisements:

	£	s	d
Page . . . . .	157	10	0
Half Page . . . . .	84	0	0
Quarter Page . . . . .	52	10	0
Eighth Page . . . . .	31	10	0
Name, Trade, and address (three lines) . . . . .	15	15	0

Artemus Ward's appearance here is a complete success. There was a fair gathering of literary and artistic celebrities at his "first night;" and all agree that he possesses an original vein of humor far more apparent in his spoken lecture than in his books—where the perpetual bad spelling disgusts many readers.

Mr. Friswell, whose Anglo-American dictionary of quotations you were lately so severe upon, is unfortunately attacked with lung disease and compelled to desist from literary labor. He is really a clever, learned, and versatile writer; and has contributed a great many excellent papers to our *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, and other journals. His friends are anxious to get him a pension on the civil list fund devoted to literary, scientific, and artistic reward, so that he may get rest for awhile, in which object even his severe censor in *THE ROUND TABLE* will, I am sure, wish them success.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### MR. MOON AND HIS CRITICISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE ROUND TABLE*:

DEAR SIR: Early in the present autumn we read Mr. Moon's criticisms on the Dean of Canterbury, and we read them with no little pleasure. When, therefore, we saw that the readers of *THE ROUND TABLE* were to have the

benefit of a series of papers from Mr. Moon's pen, we were pleased. We anticipated a hebdomadal philological treat. We looked for something new and instructive; for just and discriminating discussion, savoring of neither latitudinarianism nor hypercriticism. But, we regret to say, we have been disappointed. He professes to write "in the interests of literature;" but he has, at times, a very singular way of showing his regard for those interests. He proposes to inculcate "such teaching as may be useful to students of the English language;" but, in our opinion, he occasionally advances what he might far wiser have left unsaid.

Shall we exemplify the truth of what we say?

In his last paper—that in *THE ROUND TABLE* of Nov. 10—Mr. Moon is unnecessarily unjust to Lindley Murray. He represents him as teaching that *an* is derived from *a*. But this is an idea the latter had no thought of advancing. Mr. Murray probably knew, as well as Mr. Moon does, that, of the two, "*an* was [is?] the original word, and was formerly used both before consonants and before vowels." Hence he says in a footnote: "*A* instead of *an* is now used before words beginning with *u* long." Mr. Murray's words are these: "In English there are but two articles, *a* and *the*; *a* becomes *an* before a vowel, and before a silent *h*." There is no intimation here that *an* is derived from *a*, but simply that *a*, of which mention had just been made, and which is the usual form of the word, is exchanged for, or gives place to, *an* before a vowel. Misrepresentations like this can hardly be penned "in the interests of literature," or "be useful to students of the English language."

Again, Mr. Moon says, "Mr. Marsh is writing in Dr. Webster's praise." We have not seen Mr. Marsh's articles in *The Nation*, but we gathered from Mr. Moon's first paper that Mr. Marsh's *Notes* are "on the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, a work that is really less like Dr. Webster's *American Dictionary* than the latter is like Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*." Now, to write in praise of Dr. Webster (which Mr. Marsh did not do when he wrote his *Lectures on the English Language*), and to write notes commendatory of the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, so called, are two quite different things. Besides, in saying that "Dr. Webster, in whose praise Mr. Marsh is writing, says, 'The definitive *an* or *a* is merely one in its English orthography, and is precisely synonymous with it,'" Mr. Moon would seem to intimate that "the new Webster" teaches that "*an* or *a* is precisely synonymous with one." But there is no such remark in the dictionary on which Mr. Marsh's *Notes* are based. What that dictionary says is, "that *an* signifies *one* or *any*, but somewhat less emphatically. Sometimes it has a distributive force, and is equivalent to *each*, *every*." This renders Mr. Moon's comments concerning the non-interchangeability of *a* or *an* and *one* rather uncalled for, at least in connection with Mr. Marsh and the subject of his *Notes*.

Mr. Moon says: "The form, *many a gem*, is objectionable in prose. We ought to say *many gems*." Will he inform us why? And if objectionable in prose, why not in verse?

We question the entire propriety of the remark that, "when we speak of a man as holding several offices at once, we put *a* before only the first of those offices, 'as a director, secretary, and treasurer.'" Here is a very common mistake, that of confounding words with things. We never "put *a* before an office;" we may put it before the name of an office, but not before the office itself. And this reminds us of a sentence in *The Dean's English*. Mr. Moon, on p. 58, correcting a sentence of the dean's, says, "Had you begun your sentence thus, *We speak of a 'cupboard' as a 'cubbard'*, of a 'halfpenny' as a 'haepenny'; it would have been correct to say, '*and so of many other compound words*.'" Now, we submit that neither cupboard nor a halfpenny is a word, but a thing. The sentence should have read, "Had you begun your sentence thus, '*We speak of cupboard [i.e., the word 'cupboard'] as cubbard, of halfpenny as haepenny*,' it would have been correct to say, '*and so of many other words*.'" A similar mistake occurs on p. 65, where he attempts to correct a sentence of the dean's, but only half does the work, leaving it thus: "I have noticed, in Shakespeare, the word '*party*' used for an individual." The word *party* may be used in Shakespeare for individual, but never for an individual. It is true these mistakes were the dean's originally; but Mr. Moon ought not to have sanctioned them by leaving the officious *a* in quiet possession of his seat, much less should he have imitated them where there was no occasion or excuse for doing it.

Again, Mr. Moon is at fault in giving "a director, secretary, and treasurer" as an example even of names of



offices. Are not these rather names of officers than of offices?

Mr. Moon continues, "Were we to put a before each of the names [whether of offices or of officers we are left to conjecture], we should no longer be speaking of one man holding three offices, but of three men, each holding one office." Are two, then, spoken of in the following sentence, from Dr. Murdock's translation of the Syriac Testament, Acts vii. 27? "Who constituted thee a ruler and a judge over us?" Is it less plain that but one person is here spoken of than if we read, "Who constituted thee a ruler and judge over us?" By-the-by, does not correctness, in this and in similar cases, really require an entire omission of the *a* or *an*? thus, "Who constituted thee ruler and judge over us?" Doubtless Mr. Moon's remark has reference to sentences like this, from Irving's *Columbus* ix., 3: "In addition to the persons already enumerated, a physician, surgeon, and apothecary were sent out;" in which correctness, of course, requires an *a* before *surgeon* and an *an* before *apothecary*. But Mr. Moon's loose way of stating his meaning can hardly be said to be "such teaching as may be useful to students of the English language."

"So, likewise," he adds, "it is with words descriptive of qualities." This is an exceedingly imperfect statement of the case, altogether too indefinite for usefulness. Does Mr. Moon mean to say, that were we to put a or an before each of such words, we should be speaking of as many objects as we have names or qualities? This is what the connection implies. But let us see: "Give me a calm, a thankful heart." Are two hearts meant here? Not at all; for *and* connects the words denoting the qualities. But insert *an*, and retain both *a*'s, and you necessarily speak of two hearts. This, from the example Mr. Moon gives, we infer to be his meaning; but we should never gather it from the context.

"The using [of] a before the word *most*," Mr. Moon calls "a gross misuse of the article;" and illustrates this by saying, "A most noble act" should be "A very noble act." We should say that this is anything but an illustration of a misuse of *a*. It implies rather a supposed misuse of *most*. If *a* is misused, then *a*, and not *most*, should be omitted or changed. But if the error lies in the use of *most*, then that word, not the *a*, should be changed. But why should the employment of *most* after *a* be supposed to be "a gross misuse" of the word? Here is Mr. Moon's reply: "The words are incongruous; *a* means one of several which are supposed to be equal in certain respects, whereas *most* is descriptive [?] of that which is above all." If this means anything it is that *a* cannot properly be applied to that which is above all, and *most* cannot be used with reference to one of several objects that are supposed to be equal in certain respects. Then King James's translators erred in saying, "an uppermost branch."—*Isa.* xvii. 9. And all such expressions as "A supreme Being," "A great first cause," "An extreme case," are incorrect. Perhaps Mr. Moon is prepared to say "certainly," to this. We are not. If there is any good reason for not using *most* after *a*, it is not that which Mr. Moon gives; it is rather that *most* is not an authorized and justifiable synonym of *very*, for it is only as such that it is used as an adverb after *a*. But is this really so? Did Shakespeare indulge in "a gross misuse" of words in the following passages? "That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, it is *most* true."—*Othel.* i. 3. "A most outrageous fit of madness took him."—*Com. Err.* v., 1. Or, the author of *Junius's Letters* in the following: "You certainly were guilty of a most unpardonable omission."—*Let.* 18. "Without dwelling longer upon a most invidious subject."—*Let.* 30. "The precedent is of a most important nature."—*Let.* 31. Or, Lord Macaulay in the following: "Tickell introduced himself to public notice by writing a most ingenious and graceful little poem."—*On Addison.* "It is a most significant circumstance."—*Hist. England*, ch. i. If this is an erroneous use of words, then any departure in the use of words from their primitive signification and application is an error. The truth is, this is one of those forms of speech which Mr. Marsh would call the idiosyncrasms of the language; and an idiosyncrasy it is not of our language only, but of those of the ancient Greeks and Latins also, and their *μάλιστα* and *maxime* having the same uses that our *most* has. Nay, they could do what we cannot; they could use the uncompounded forms for the superlatives of adjectives and adverbs, as involving the idea of *very*. Thus Cicero (*Leg. Manil.*), "Duobus potentissimis regibus"—two most powerful or very powerful kings. Quintilian (*Inst. Orat.*, b. i., ch. 1), "Pertinacissime durant"—they adhere most pertinaciously, or, in a most pertinacious manner; "Quod difficillimum est"—what is exceedingly difficult, or what is a most difficult thing.

S. W. W.

FLUSHING, L. I., Nov. 19.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

### MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS.\*

A SHORT time ago Mr. Moxon, one of the most respectable of the London publishers, brought out a volume of poems called *Laus Veneris*, written by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne. Almost instantly after, Mr. Moxon stopped selling the book and, so far as he was able, withdrew his edition from the market. On hearing of this, Mr. Carleton, of New York, actuated by a chivalric motive which does him honor, introduced *Laus Veneris* to the American public. We have not yet heard that he has stopped its sale or that he contemplates withdrawing it from the market. On the contrary, we perceive that he advertises fresh editions with a profusion of announcement and a certain hilarity of manner which we are bound to accept as conclusive indications of the satisfaction with which his public have received the work, and the value of the indorsement they are disposed to affix to the generous enterprise of its publisher. That gentleman is a shrewd observer of the popular appetite, and although he continues to take the odd if justifiable precaution of printing Mr. Moxon's name on his title-page as the London publisher, notwithstanding the latter has withdrawn his edition and cannot be supposed to sanction the use of his imprint, it is not unsafe to assume that he knows very well what he is about. There are undoubtedly some who censure Mr. Carleton very severely for presenting to his customers—who are understood to consist largely of ladies—a volume which on moral grounds has been more sweepingly condemned by the English press than any poetic work since *Don Juan*. But we venture to say that, barring perhaps the act of first publishing the book at all, the fault, if fault there be, lies more with the public than with Mr. Carleton. If we understand his position it is that of a mere neutral middle-man between the producers and consumers of literary wares. If the latter have taught his mercantile instincts that they prefer and will only remuneratively purchase unwholesome and highly-seasoned articles, the blame no less than the first remedy for the evil should lie with themselves and not with their sagacious caterer. We are told that ladies have been extensive buyers of *Laus Veneris*, and an amusing account has reached us of one who, with touching modesty, affected ignorance of the name of the book, indicating to the shopman what she wished to purchase by describing it as being about something "venerable" or another cognate topic. Publishers, like other people, must eat, drink, and be clothed; and if the most profitable livelihood is gained by the emission of books whose very title customers are ashamed to pronounce, we may condemn the taste of the community if we will, but must not exclusively reproach its servants who "live to please" and must, therefore, "please to live."

The clangor which has been raised over this book has already gained it extraordinary celebrity, and, for good or for evil, established its author's fame. What with the spirited notices of *The Saturday Review*—which has emphasized its disapproval of the moral tendency of the poems by carefully picking out, printing, and liquorishly dwelling upon all those passages which it deems the most pre-eminently nasty—the bitterly contemptuous denunciations of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the bold advocacy of *The Examiner* and *The Reader*, and the various controversial comments of *The Spectator*, *The Athenæum*, and other important organs of critical opinion, Mr. Swinburne has become celebrated, not to say notorious, with a rapidity more meteoric and dazzling than has been shown in the career of any writer of the age; and neither his own somewhat injudicious assault upon his critics, nor the not much wiser exculpation of his friend, Mr. Rossetti, were required to gain him extended attention, any more than they have been successful in disarming hostile criticism. *The Saturday Review* claims, indeed, that it is mere waste of time to blame an artist of any kind for working at a certain set of subjects rather than at some other set

which the critic may happen to prefer; but as the burden of its own counts against Mr. Swinburne has consisted of precisely such censures, the inference is that just such waste of time, provided it is beguiled with a sufficiency of spicy illustration, is very much what its readers prefer to enjoy. It is probably a good thing, in view of prevalent literary tendencies, that the debatable line which divides allowable license and unbridled obscenity should be discussed and, if possible, more clearly defined. The fate of some who have essayed, in the interest of public morality and in vindication of their own independence and candor, to shed light upon this vexed question, might ordinarily suggest caution in approaching, and even inculcate the wisdom of steering clear of it altogether. As, however, we have been pronounced a "beast" by one eccentric champion of decency, and cannot, therefore, with zoölogical propriety be classed among the "infusoria and animalcules" of the press, which is the doom assigned by Mr. Swinburne to those writers who cannot stomach his ethical teachings, we shall take the risk and the liberty of saying what we think about *Laus Veneris*.

In the first place, then, we do not hesitate to express the opinion that, with all his grossness, and it is grievous—with all his iteration, and it is wearisome—with all his skepticism, and it is both sad and appalling—Mr. Swinburne is the strongest, the truest, and most original poet we have had in the present generation, if, indeed, his place do not rank so high as to include in the dictum the last one. The assumption is strong, and we deliberately recognize its force. No other man lives, of the living men who have given us the opportunity to judge, who could write the *Hymn to Proserpine* or, with all their repulsive drawbacks, the verses to *Dolores*. No man lives who is capable of their sustained splendor, their gorgeous imagination, their delicious melody. And no man lives, let us hope, who is capable of uniting the tithe of these glorious qualities with a faculty for sheer, loathsome carnality, which, in the case of this surprising writer, is sometimes carried to a pitch which gives rise to a suspicion of insanity. What is the secret, or, rather, the key-note, since he makes no mystery of it, of this man's mind? It lies, we fear, in a desperate, mournful unbelief, a hopeless skepticism which, scarcely veiled in *Atalanta in Calydon*, stands forth in *Laus Veneris* so naked and so desolate that we should think in most tender minds, who look upon it unprejudiced by immediate controversy, abhorrence must give way to pity. Mr. Rossetti, in his defense, tells us plainly that his friend is convinced, or all but convinced, of the mortality of the soul; but the frightful fact is patent without such explanation. In the opening poem itself the poet sings thus pitiously:

"Ah! yet would God this flesh of mine might be  
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me;  
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,  
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea.

"Ah! yet would God that stems and roots were bred  
Out of my weary body and my head;  
That sleep were sealed upon me with a seal,  
And I were as the least of all his dead.

"Ah! God, that love were as a flower or flame,  
That life were as the naming of a name,  
That death were not more pitiful than desire,  
That these things were not one thing and the same!"

Observe again the despair of *The Triumphs of Time*, a feeling which pervades not only it but nearly all the other poems which are non-erotic:

"Oh! fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,  
Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong like wine,  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
Wrought without hand in a world without stain."

In the poem called *Illicit*, which contains some of the sweetest lines in the volume, the certainty of annihilation is dwelt upon with an earnestness which only comes of profound conviction. The riot, the libidinousness, and the seeming erotomania of the passages which the critics have best loved to quote are the steadfast if desperate reactions, the unflinching antitheses, of the pervading unbelief. There has, perhaps, never been an instance in literature where blasphemous and uncleanly thoughts have been so indissolu-

\* *I. Laus Veneris, and other Poems and Ballads.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Edward Moxon. 1866.  
II. *Ibid.* New York: Carleton. 1866.



bly linked with others so towering in imaginative flight, so magnificent in metaphor, and so sadly sweet withal, that the idea of a fallen angel seems pressed upon us more vividly, if possible, than by Byron's *Cain*. It would be commonplace enough to say that if Mr. Swinburne were a religious man he would be more decent; but the frequent mad violation of all delicacy and decorum in dealing with matters pertaining to the sexual relations seems to be in his case the unvarying formula of protest against his own incapacity to believe in future life or in present moral responsibility. What better maxim than to eat, drink, and sleep, and to do as much more that is not only negatively sinful, is expectable from a bard who sets forth his philosophy in stanzas like these?

"From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

"Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light:  
Nor sound of waters shaken,  
Nor any sound or sight:  
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal;  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night."

We have no desire to transfer to these columns excerpts from those fiery strains of passion which disfigure while they individualize Mr. Swinburne's pages, which have been so eagerly quoted by the sharpest of his censors, and which constitute collectively a very apotheosis of lust. They will live, we presume, in the volume, and will be, no doubt, the most frequently sought by a majority of its readers. An expurgated edition of such a book would be substantially an emasculated one; and the beauties it contains are so surpassing that it would be idle to express the hope that it might drop out of our literature. Like the flies in amber, the filth will, without question, be preserved with the diamonds; and we are not altogether prepared to agree with those moralists who will contend that the lesson the book will teach must needs be an entirely unwholesome one. That so noble an imagination, an intellect so divinely gifted, should exhibit, as a consequence of the total lack of religious conviction, perversion so deplorable—should stoop to carrion when it might soar to the stars—conveys a moral which a thousand pulpits might less strikingly enforce. No such example was afforded by the writings of Byron or Shelley, because they both believed in, at least, something—had persuasions of some sort to cling to—however a jealous or canting world persisted in misinterpreting them. But, unless we sadly misunderstand Mr. Swinburne, he makes a flagrant and reiterated vaunt of his blank, stony unbelief, thus leaving no ground in his case for variance of construction, or for hope of better things at all, save in a complete revulsion of opinions, which with such a nature is unhappily improbable.

Some may agree with us in fancying they catch the glimmerings of a better feeling in a few of the poems, a feeling which may mature into faith and happiness hereafter. We quote three disconnected stanzas from the *Dedication*, which ends the volume, partly for their intrinsic beauty and partly because they breathe a certain suggestion of the ephemeral and unreal character of what has preceded and given rise to the hope that the poet may have in some sort done himself injustice by leading us to think too ill of him:

"The sea gives her shells to the shingle,  
The earth gives her streams to the sea;  
They are many, but my gift is single,  
My verses the first fruits of me.  
Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,  
Cast forth without fruit upon air;  
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf  
Blown loose from the hair.

"They are past as a slumber that passes,  
As the dew of a dawn of old time;  
More frail than the shadows on glasses,  
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.  
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,  
When their hollows are full of the night,  
So the birds that flew singing to me-ward  
Recede out of sight.

"Though the many lights dwindle to one light,  
There is help if the heaven has one;  
Though the skies be disrowned of the sunlight  
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,  
They have moonlight and sleep for repayment,  
When refreshed as a bride and set free,  
With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,  
Night sinks on the sea."

We have rather looked for young poets of Mr. Swinburne's stamp in this country, more especially in New England. We say looked, not, as will readily be guessed, altogether in the sense of hoping for them; although, the religious question aside, hope might not infelicitously be joined with probability in the matter. There is a wide gap between the Greek intellect and the Puritan, and the protracted ascendancy of either may, philosophically speaking, be supposed to assure ultimate reaction. There has been over much with us of the icy poetry of the brain and too little of the generous poetry of the heart. An infusion of the carnal—be it said in no coarse sense—is requisite to our poetic symmetry. We have been led by, if the expression may be forgiven, a species of intellectual eunuchry until we have got in the way of thinking that high art can only co-exist with the positive abnegation of the body and in the resolute ignoring of all the more fervid affections of human nature. The crude but by no means despicable utterances of Walt. Whitman are emphatic protests against this tacit theory, and although, of course, in an infinitely lower plane of both culture and imagination than the wonderful verse of Mr. Swinburne, they are in this sense to be placed in the same category. There will always be an appearance of violent outburst, an element of the outrageous, in rebellion of this character, and we have no right to declare that modification of any kind is needless or sinful or preposterous merely because the first blatant prophets, whatever their rank or power may be, disturb our prejudices and offend our taste.

If, then, there is any validity in these reflections, we may suppose, after giving all due weight to the exceptions we have so freely taken, that Mr. Swinburne's magnificent if erotic muse will not bring us unmixed evil. If, as he would maintain, the poetical taste of our time has grown too fastidious or finical, too rigid in its exclusion of the physical element of our complex nature, so that we are in danger of becoming, through its agency, incomplete, inharmonious, and stunted, we may afford, while condemning the excesses into which such a conviction may have led him, to recognize even in themselves indirect efficacies for good. We very earnestly regret, for our own part, that the irreligious tendencies of his marvelous production should have so combined with its exaggeration and boyish lasciviousness as to make that recognition far less cordial than our great admiration for his genius would otherwise have caused it to be.

#### MEDICAL ELECTRICITY\*

A GOOD book on the medical uses of electricity has long been desired by physicians. None of the treatises at present in vogue are such as to supply this want. Some are records of personal investigations only, others are monographs on limited parts of the subject in question, and none of those professing to be complete are written by men at all known as chemical or physical inquirers or observers.

To some of them applies the reproach of attempting to be both scientific and popular, and, as in the present book, the result is commonly such that neither the one nor the other end is attained. Dr. Garratt's high science is frequently in the form of quotations; his popular explanations are in every sense his own. The combination is a mosaic text which can please neither the scientific gods nor the lower race to whom a popular style is supposed to be suited. We defy any savant on earth to comprehend some of the descriptions of instruments or processes. As to the popular passages, on testing their character by reading them aloud to an unscientific circle of reasonably

intelligent people, the audience laughed outrageously and eagerly asked for more.

We shall presently attempt to justify their mirth by a few quotations with which the reader may test his own relative risibility.

Dr. Garratt may plead, however, that his book is addressed to students chiefly, and from his preface and various passages we presume that he means students in a restricted sense, or as applied to persons who are studying medicine. If this be so, we feel bound to urge upon their preceptors that they do not allow any pupil to venture upon Dr. G.'s book; for if the young man be dull, he will go wild over the turbid stream of medicine, meteorology, hygiene, chemistry, theology, and electricity which flows drearily through these thousand pages; while, if the fated youngster be of a gay intelligence, he will, we fear, put Dr. G.'s volume along side of the famous *Portuguese Phrase Book*, and perhaps derive from either about an equal share of useful help.

It would be unfair to dismiss our critique of Dr. Garratt without calling witnesses. A few quotations will answer out of the very many which we have marked; and first for the science of the book: On pages 136 and 137 he gives an account of post-mortem rigidity of muscles. The knowledge here displayed is brought down to about the year 1840. Everything since then seems to have escaped Dr. G., and as to the most recent researches of Bernard and Brown-Séquard, he seems to be utterly ignorant. The same general criticism of want of accurate or recent knowledge applies to almost all of his physiological statements, and notably to the attempts to describe minute anatomical structures. On page 125 he says that it "is now almost entirely disproved" that nerves end in loops, and on page 138 he twice describes this very mode of ending nerves as often occurring, and even gives a diagram of their form.

At page 118 he speaks of the blood corpuscles as being conveyed "by the thoracic duct into the circulation at a point not far from the right side of the heart" (the italics are ours). The charming vagueness with which these unlucky blood globules are disposed of is, we fear, beyond popular appreciation. The articles on organic molecular motions, and the closing paragraphs on the circulation, pages 119-120, are capital specimens of the author's want of power to plainly state the simplest facts. Throughout these and hundreds of like descriptions there is a certain feeble-forcible mode of expression, a queer and involved English, and a disregard of punctuation which makes the reader feel always as if there were a mist before his mental vision or moving cobwebs across his nose. Here again is a sentence, page 97:

"To make this fair and clear, Galvani would take a frog and first kill it; then quickly skin it; and then, by passing the point of a pair of sharp scissors beneath the two visible and easily accessible lumbar nerves, which always lie, as can be seen, by opening the abdomen of a frog and pressing the entrails to one side, as they naturally lie superficial for a half inch upon the psoas muscle and anterior to the vertebral column, so that the blades of the scissors embrace all the loins except the nerves; he then cuts in the same manner a half inch above or below, so as to remove the two or three lower vertebrae, and leave the nerves intact and uninjured, but separate, reaching from the thighs to the body of the frog, suspended in the air like telegraph wires."

If this be now any clearer to the reader than the last unanswerable charade he has had put at him, we advise that man to buy the book and read it through.

It would be easy and also unpleasant to multiply from Dr. Garratt's pages examples of scientific description which are ideal specimens of what such writings should not be. All that we wish here to impress upon the readers of THE ROUND TABLE is the author's want of scientific precision on the one hand, and on the other his singular inability to state the facts for the popular ear without muddying the text in a manner to defy the most industrious efforts at mental filtration.

Now, it is bad enough to write an obscure book on a difficult subject, and it is hardly fair to make so big a book and to put in it no new thing whatsoever; yet these might be pardoned if the writer had but stuck to his business, avoided fine writing, quoted accurately where he took other folks' words, and above all if he had tried a little not to violate the simplest laws of English grammar and of literary morality.

We quote a few passages at random to illustrate

\* *Medical Electricity; embracing Electro-Physiology and Electricity as a Therapeutic, with special reference to Practical Medicine; showing the most Approved Apparatus, Methods, and Rules for the medical uses of Electricity in the Treatment of Nervous Diseases.* By Alfred Garratt, M.D., fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, member of the American Medical Association. Third edition, revised and illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.



the author's practice in grammar and his higher flights into the region of fine writing:

Page 9: "To exhibit and convince of what has, might, and would be accomplished by the medical uses of electricity."

"In a work like this, based as it is in natural science, with a limited special literature, every one must know is but the embodying of the best of all high authority, while but a portion of the whole is truly original."

The next is a passage from his preface, page 13, which for confusion is unsurpassed. One dimly sees through it that the author accredits himself with nearly every quality as a writer which is wanting in his after pages:

"Finally, the author of this work has aimed by directness, thoroughness, and extent of practical research, thus presented by himself or by accredited authorities; by ample plates of apparatus, and of anatomy; by great simplicity in style, and freedom from technicalities as far as possible (also by term explanations), to present this whole subject of *medical electricity* in so clear and simple a manner as to be readily understood by any one of ordinary intelligence; hoping it may invite into this hitherto neglected but intensely interesting and profitable study of electricity, as it relates to human life and health, to the cause and cure of disease, all ranks of the medical profession, as well as help to initiate the younger candidates for its labors and its honors, in years to come, to a still more rational view of diseases and their remedies; to all of whom, or whosoever reads, it may prove an exposition of this subject at once elementary, practical, and substantial."

This, it will be seen, is one sentence, and so full of the author's italics that the reviewer loses the power to use them as a means of calling attention to such felicities of expression as "to initiate the younger candidates to."

At page 83 *et seq.* there is some very fine writing in the village lyceum lecture style. As the writer becomes excited he cuts loose from Lindley Murray: "What rich legacies of chemistry, botany, geology, geography, mathematics, mechanics, physiology, electricity, and electro-magnetism were *laying in stores* [our own italics this time] for these generations then unborn! But over what was then known there lay a ponderous mass of dogmatic theories," etc. "In science there *was* as yet no minutiae or specialty!"

On page 824 there is an account of an unlucky little boy who "snored nights." Page 881: "Bathe over the limbs in long wipes up and down. If she is silent and epileptiform, a touch or so about the end of the nose has a wondrous rallying influence." Unfortunate females of New England who are silent, epileptiform, and are rallied by long wipes and nose-touching! "In these *variegated* affections, the testimony of," etc.

When a man is conspicuously careless as to his quotation of names, and of the very words of others, it is hard for the most charitable critic to imagine what excuse can be made for him. In a few rare cases Dr. Garratt gives the correct accents over the names of foreign savans. In other places the same name, as in the case of Kölliker and of Brown-Séquard, has no accent. As a rule the accents are neglected. In twenty-one places the names of eminent physicians are misspelled. Thus, Hyrtl becomes Hyrtle; B. W. Richardson is changed to B. W. Richards; Romburg is altered to Romburg; Tenner to Turner; Le Conte gets an extra accent and becomes Le Conté; Althaus changes to Altheus; Amusat to Amusatt; Dr. H. Bence Jones to H. Bunce Jones; Dr. Beale to Dr. Beals; and so on as far as our patience carried us.

We sincerely regret that the appendix of formulae, page 1,086, is only funny to doctors. As far as they are concerned we warrant it to produce excellent results.

The yet graver charge of tampering with the language of authors may be made against Dr. Garratt. On pages 1,008, 1,009, and elsewhere he gives within quotation marks extracts from a monograph on gunshot wounds and other injuries of nerves by Drs. Mitchell, Morehouse, and Keen. He misquotes the title of this work, alters the name of one author, and changes the language, which he pretends to give verbatim, so as to render it in several places obscure and ungrammatical. We can imagine the feelings of these gentlemen if by any chance they should be called upon to read this queer rendering of their views.

The look of a book is of some weight in the critical inquiry. This one is tolerably printed on bad paper, is ill-arranged, and dotted with italics on every page. To our utter amazement, it carries the name of Lippincott & Co. as its publishers, although it seems

to have been printed in Boston. The well-known firm above named has seldom, we risk little in saying never, been interested in a volume which contains so little that is good and so much that is bad in orthography, syntax, and science. A due sense of their own reputation and of their relations to the public should teach our publishers to be careful how they adopt as their offspring the bantlings whose manners and language they have had no chance of supervising.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*Beethoven's Letters. From the collection of Dr. Ludwig Nohl. Translated by Lady Wallace. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.*—The curiosity which so many feel to peep behind the scenes, to see the mechanism by which a great machine is worked, to become acquainted with the most trivial details relating to the life and habits of illustrious men, has led a number of well-meaning but short-sighted persons to collect and publish to the world the private records, journals, and especially the letters of those whose genius has contributed so largely to elevate taste and cultivate a love for the higher expressions of human thought and emotion. Posterity should rest satisfied with the immortal legacy, nor seek to gratify a morbid curiosity by an elaborate chronicling of all the little acts, the sufferings, and the weaknesses of a great man's life, whose works alone should represent him to the world. Such expositions are offensive to good taste, and especially cruel to the memory of musicians, whose thoughts, accustomed to find expression in harmony, are but feebly interpreted by the language in which the master is less skilled.

The letters of Beethoven should have been accompanied by a short thread of narrative connecting them, and rendering their perusal more interesting to the general reader. The great master was born at Bonn, in 1770, and his father perceiving early in the child a taste for music, resolved upon making him a musical prodigy. At the age of eleven he composed three sonatas and dedicated them to the Electors of Cologne. The letter which accompanies this youthful offering is the first in the book, and Herr Nohl conjectures that it was written for the child by his master. It was his good fortune in manhood to more than fulfill the expectations awakened by his precocious talents, but there is no doubt that his father's harsh treatment, his mother's early death, and the constant struggle with poverty which compelled him to supply the wants of the family by teaching—an occupation particularly repugnant to one of his nature—contributed largely to invest his character with an appearance of gloom and occasional harshness. Despite of this, however, many of his letters breathe a spirit of kindness and devotion to friends and a patient endurance of suffering which enlist our warmest sympathies. His numerous letters on money matters are free from all false delicacy, but are never wanting in self-respect. In writing to Hofmeister, in the year 1800, he says: "But if you are as conscientious, my dear brother, as many other publishers, who grind to death us poor composers, you will know pretty well how to derive ample profit when the works appear." And in the same letter: "You can yourself fix the prices; and as you are neither an *Italian* nor a *Jew*, nor am I either, we shall no doubt quickly agree." In the next letter, which is to the same person, he says: "Your intention to publish Sebastian Bach's works really gladdens my heart, which beats with devotion for the lofty and grand productions of this our father of the science of harmony, and I trust I shall see them soon appear." To some of our readers the following fragment of a letter will be found amusing; it is addressed to Bettina, the correspondent of Goethe:

"MY MOST DEAR KIND FRIEND:

"Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy-councillors, and confer titles and decorations, but they cannot make great men—spirits that soar above the base turmoil of this world. Their powers fail, and this it is that forces them to respect us. When two persons like Goethe and myself meet, these grandees cannot fail to perceive what such as we consider great. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole imperial family; we saw them coming some way off, when Goethe withdrew his arm from mine, in order to stand aside; and, say what I would, I could not prevail on him to make another step in advance. I pressed down my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my great coat, and, crossing my arms behind me, I made my way through the thickest portion of the crowd. Princes and courtiers formed a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed to me first. These great ones of the earth *know me*. To my infinite amusement I saw the procession defile past Goethe, who stood aside with his hat off, bowing profoundly. I afterwards took him sharply to task for this."

The letters throughout are simple and unconstrained, but somewhat disappointing in that they give but little

indication of the thoughts and emotions of which Beethoven's great music is the embodiment. It must be a matter of lasting regret to the admirers of the great master that his letters, written in the unrestrained confidence of friendship, should be perpetuated by Herr Nohl, who does not refrain from remarking in his preface the "distorted and incorrect" mode of Beethoven's expression and "startling clumsiness of style." The spirit of the age demands that the standard of refinement and education should be raised among artists, and such an object can scarcely be furthered by constantly reminding new aspirants for fame of the deficiency of culture in their great predecessors.

*Archie Lovell. A Novel. By Mrs. Edwards. New York: W. C. & F. P. Church. 1867.*—Discarding the "leopardess" style of heroine—the woman with a thrilling voice, chameleon beauty, and peculiar fitness for intrigue—the authoress of *Miss Forrester* has endeavored, and not without success, to enlist our sympathies for a somewhat original and assumedly innocent specimen of the "lionne." Doubtless this is more in accordance with what seems to be the popular taste, for there is a dangerous tendency among the more frivolous and uncultivated young women of the day to proclaim their exemption from the too rigid restraints imposed by our grandmothers by a freedom of dress and manner which is "fast" without being fashionable. Among educated, thoughtful, and earnest people, however, the "fast woman" has no place, and though she may be a charming partner to waltz or skate with, no man of sense will intrust his happiness to her keeping. For the interests of society we are led to hope that this moral phenomenon finds daily fewer imitators, and that she will go out altogether with large hoops and "pork-pie" hats. Archie Lovell is an irritating and perplexing heroine. Pure, childlike, and ignorant of evil, she is ever on the verge of going astray, and, making allowance for her want of early education and the culpable indulgence of a very weak father, we can scarcely excuse the want of inbred refinement evinced by the habits of wearing a man's pailotot, a wide-awake hat, and smoking cigarettes at an open window.

"The instincts of Bohemianism were deep-rooted, almost like religious convictions, in Archie's heart. Ever since she could think at all, she had had a vague sense that respectability, Philistines, 'grocers,' and her father were on opposite sides; consequently, that it was for her to do battle with respectability."

With a simplicity truly refreshing, Archie indulges in the innocent pastime of flirting with an absolute stranger, whose acquaintance she makes while seated on the top of a garden wall, and with whom, by the purest accident, she makes a trip to London, returning, however, before her father became aware of her absence. After numerous vagaries, which would inevitably compromise the reputation of a less immaculate heroine, it becomes necessary to find a moral prop for Archie in the shape of a husband, and Major Seton, a good but unattractive man, assumes the responsibility.

Gerald Durant is a highly honorable but very weak young man; very much in love with Archie, but for family reasons marrying his cousin; and Robert Dennison is, if possible, a shade more weak, with the additional attributes of selfishness and brutality. The only person for whom the reader's sympathies can be enlisted is poor Maggie, the beautiful and devoted country girl, whom Dennison marries clandestinely, and treats with such unmerited cruelty that she is at last driven to find rest from her troubles by throwing herself off London Bridge.

The best characters in the book are those of the Mortville scandal-mongers, women whose reputations will not stand the strictest investigation, and who are, as a natural consequence, most severe upon all others. The story is not remarkable for originality, and the tedious narrative of a police court investigation increases the length without adding anything to the interest. The best which can be said of the book is, that it is decidedly in advance of Mrs. Edwards's former productions.

*Right and Left. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. New York: Frederic A. Brady.*—The fact that a deservedly popular authoress has succeeded in awakening a strong interest for a heroine who had the misfortune to marry her groom, is a bad precedent for other less gifted writers who aspire to follow in her wake. Seemingly devoid of any of the requisites to qualify her for a novelist, Mrs. Newby gives us a long, dreary, improbable story with no apparent purpose save that of showing that a meek and almost imbecile young lord is unfit to sit in Parliament; and that a girl who, having fifty thousand pounds in her own right, marries her riding master, will surely come to grief. Laborious industry will not supply the place of originality, ingenuity, and some little amount of dramatic construction, and to none of these can this authoress lay the



most feeble claim, while she appears to be sadly deficient in any intuitive knowledge of human nature, and not very well versed in the usages of good society. It is scarcely probable that a man of refinement would permit his daughters to have a riding master answering the following description:

"Not looking with Helen's eyes, we should ask ourselves who can that handsome ruffian be, with the bold face and bolder eyes, and the sensual mouth and the fear-nothing, care-for-nothing manner, and the dress which belongs neither to a gentleman nor to a gamekeeper, but which partakes of something of both and yet looks more like the dainty suit of some foreign bandit."

Nor is it likely that the riding master should so far forget himself as to continue to smoke a pipe while talking with a lady. The character of a designing and unprincipled governess is well drawn and consistently sustained; and although the dialogue is frequently strained and unnatural, there are occasional passages which evince good common sense. Mr. Grey, after endeavoring to impress upon his daughter the necessity of paying great attention to the preservation of her health, says:

"I have an objection to a large appetite and hoyden propensities generally, and I have almost a cowardly shrinking from an overwhelming woman, a loud talker, or a brusque manner. But all these failings belong rather to vulgarity than to health; and although I despise the man who cannot feel and sympathize with ill-health, I still more despise her who fosters both by imprudence or indulgence. Besides, after all, I find that an invalid lady consumes upon an average about twice as much as her strong, healthy neighbor, without reckoning the quantity of wine and bitter beer which she requires; and after all the brusqueries of health and a joyous temper, what can be so overwhelming as a highly nervous, susceptible lady."

That Mrs. Newby's philosophical reflections are rather cloudy, the following extract, with which we close our brief notice, will sufficiently show:

"If the path of duty be indeed a narrow way, as narrow is the path of happiness; upon that broader path whose latitude is so unlimited walk only fools—accepting a lie."

*Greek for Little Scholars.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (Published for the Philotechnic Institute of Camden, N. J.) 1866.—If it be desirable to teach the Greek alphabet and pronunciation to children just able to read English, *Greek for Little Scholars* is to be commended as admirably calculated to establish them thoroughly, by the teacher's aid, upon the first step of Greek grammar. In point of difficulty this little primer will be a refreshing transition from our unsatisfactory alphabet, than which nothing could be more admirably devised to reduce the youthful mind to distraction. Its first lesson is composed of an illustration of *an eye*, the English name being printed beside it, and beneath the Greek, with explanations in manner following:

ω—o (long).	ψ	ψ—ps.
Omega has always the sound	(ops.)	(psl)
of o (in no).		(pronounced psce.)

In each successive exercise is introduced one or two—but never more than two—new letters, or diphthongs, always accompanied by illustrations and explanations as above, until all have been repeatedly introduced, when first the explanations and then the illustrations cease.

The subject, so far as it goes, will be easier for a child to master than reading in English, by just the degree in which the Greek alphabet is more simple and uniform than our own. But we are not clear that it is worth the while of a child to master it. One for whom this very gradual and pictorial process is needed is certainly not of an age to grapple successfully with the inflections of triplicate declensions, genders, and numbers, the puzzling article and pronouns, which become utterly distracting when, as in *ὁτις, ητις, οτι, κ. τ. λ.*, a couple of them are rolled into one; above all with the accents—to say nothing of *ειμ* and *οιδα* and the other things whose multiplicity is nearly as perplexing as the irregularly pronounced English alphabet, which makes twenty-six letters do duty for about three-fold that number of sounds. It is true that *Greek for Little Scholars*, as stated on its title-page, is but *The First Greek Book of the Pantographic Series*; whence we infer that others are to follow, which, in some manner that we acknowledge our inability to conceive, may bear the infant forward from the point at which this leaves him. But we cannot suppose that their pantographic peculiarities will elucidate the most obvious difficulties that must now arise. To commence at the beginning, we grant that *μυσα* can be illustrated in each of its three nominatives, but do not believe that *μυσης, μυσαι, and μυσαυ* can receive distinctive representations; and even this partial assistance appears to end with the nouns, becoming entirely out of the question in the complicated comparison of *εὐαθρος*. Perhaps the pictures may not be regarded essential, and there may be some method for carrying the child on without their aid. At all events, it

must be acknowledged that the first step is successfully accomplished, and it is unfair to deny the received theory, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, until we have seen how the second is to be taken. For this we shall look with interest; for the child cannot be expected to remain indefinitely where he is now left and either he must climb on or he will step down again to *terra firma* by the summary process of forgetting what he has learned. It is reasonably certain that, if only they can be brought within his comprehension, Latin, Greek, and English will present much slighter difficulties when studied together than at intervals, and that the earlier the student attacks them the more thoroughly will he master their difficulties.

*Sargent's Standard Primer. Edited in Pronouncing Orthography by Edwin Leigh.* Boston: John L. Shorey. 1866.—Mr. Leigh has very ingeniously solved the problem of making letters represent invariable sounds, without involving himself in the nonsense of the phonetic system and without adopting an alphabet unintelligible to the ordinary reader. In a hurried glance at one of his pages no peculiarity of type might appear, every letter retains its established form so entirely that a child who had just learned the alphabet would have no difficulty in naming it, every word keeps its spelling unaltered; and yet he obviates all the uncertainties of silent letters, of arbitrary *oughs*, of hard and soft *es* and *gs*, and of half a dozen sounds to a vowel. His expedient is very simple, and might readily be made to appear if we were enabled to use samples of the type he has had cut for his books. Its peculiarity will be indicated by saying that a silent letter is indicated by a slender or light-faced type; each sound of a vowel by a form slightly varied; every group of letters with but a single sound (*e. g., ch, th, ou, sh*) by an assemblage of types linked together. These and other similar means are adapted so thoroughly as to provide every sound with a character of its own as thoroughly as in Greek, and even more so than in Latin, French, German, Spanish, or Italian. No alphabet accompanies the book, so that the number of new forms is not obvious; but they can hardly exceed forty or fifty, while all are so nearly identical with the ordinary letter and the meaning of the variation is usually so apparent that the labor of learning the alphabet is very slightly increased, while that of memorizing a number of arbitrarily varying sounds is entirely done away. The pains of children and foreigners in mastering the tongue will be immeasurably lessened by the use of text books printed in these characters; and it is only for text books that they are designed. Mr. Leigh's orthography is already adopted in several schools in Boston and elsewhere, and a slight examination of its principles is so convincing as to leave little doubt of its soon coming into exclusive use.

*Holiday Manuals.*—(1.) *Athletic Sports for Boys.* (2.) *Out door Sports for Boys.* (3.) *The American Card Play er.* (4.) *The Book of Household Pets.* (5.) *Martine's Hand-book of Etiquette.* New York: Dick & Fitzgerald 1866.—These are extremely well arranged and comprehensive hand-books of their respective subjects.

1. *Athletic Sports for Boys* gives a remarkable amount of information in a pleasant and unpretending manner. The hints upon riding and driving ought to be carefully read by any youth who is intrusted with the management of a horse or pony; those on swimming, skating, boating, etc., are equally good. The chapter on fencing is carefully written, but we think it a mistake to encourage the idea that so difficult an accomplishment can be acquired without the aid of a competent master.

2. *Out-door Sports for Boys* will be highly acceptable to any youth from ten to twenty, being a complete guide to all out-door games from hop-scotch to cricket and croquet.

3. *The American Card Player* gives clear and concise instructions on the subject it undertakes, and as the holidays approach will be found especially useful in settling the disputes so apt to occur between young people over a game of cards. *Bèzique* is treated at great length, and the later alterations in its rules are carefully described.

4. *The Book of Household Pets* ought to be welcomed wherever the wholesome pleasure of cherishing some helpless and dependent creature is appreciated. We must protest, however, against the instructions given in the art of bird catching, an amusement equally cruel and useless, as the birds always die.

5. *Martine's Etiquette.* We have not usually a favorable idea of the utility of guides to etiquette, ball-room companions, complete letter-writers, or any such aids to persons who have not been so fortunate as to grow up in an atmosphere where such knowledge is gradually and almost insensibly acquired, but Mr. Martine's hand-book is greatly superior to the common run of such works, and gives sound advice not only about manners and customs,

but regarding those minor moralities whose observance is too often neglected by those who, knowing the law, keep only to the letter thereof, forgetting that the essence of true politeness is kindness.

*A Treatise on Intrenchments.* By Francis J. Lippitt, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1866.—This is a valuable little manual of the subject which it treats. General Lippitt's experience has well qualified him for his task, and he has executed it in a manner both instructive and luminous. When we remember, as he reminds us, how a couple of thousand raw American militia-men repulsed twice their number of British regulars at Bunker Hill; how, at Warsaw, Kosciusko, with ten thousand Poles, drove back sixty thousand Russians and Prussians; how, at New Orleans, Jackson, also with raw volunteers, defeated double his force and more of trained Peninsula veterans, losing thirteen and slaying and wounding two thousand of his enemies; how, more remarkable still, perhaps, Richmond was held for three years by inferior numbers, resisting all the attempts of large armies to reduce it, and only falling at last by evacuation, not assault—when we recall all these and a great number of similar events in domestic and foreign history, the great importance of a treatise which develops, in a scientific and yet quite intelligible manner, the principles on which such achievements have been accomplished becomes clear and striking. We know of no work which deals more concisely than that of General Lippitt with the subject of intrenchments, and it is illustrated by well-engraved and interesting diagrams. The author's ability to handle cognate topics has been indorsed not only by some of our own ablest officers, but has also received written recognition from a foreign expert as eminent as the present English commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cambridge. These recommendations, added to its intrinsic merits, will no doubt cause this treatise on intrenchments to be accepted as a standard authority.

*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.* By Douglas Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Keene. New York: Appleton & Co. 1866.—This is the prettiest edition of the popular *Curtain Lectures* we have yet seen. *Punch* has sadly degenerated of late—whether owing to the want of zeal of its editor, Mr. Mark Lemon, to the dearth of funny writers, or to the apathy which too often follows established success, we know not. Perhaps the decadence is attributable to all three causes; but, be this as it may, the difference between the days of Thackeray's *Prize Novels* and those of Artemus Ward is sadly obvious, and if new and good blood be not speedily infused the famous *Punch* will soon be as flat as ditch-water. It is a curious circumstance that America, which will not sustain comic papers for herself, should send abroad the material which, whatever its quality, should now be almost the sole dependence of the comic sheets of London. Perhaps the lesson may have its value and the next attempt evince more vitality and be better supported than its unfortunate predecessors, *Momus*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Mrs. Grundy*. If men could be found to write things as clever as the *Prize Novels* and *Curtain Lectures*, and as well adapted to our meridian as were those humorous essays to that of England, we have little doubt a paper of the kind might be floated. Messrs. Appletons' issue of the latter work is beautifully dressed, printed on tinted paper, and even if only for the sake of pleasant memories will command, we should judge, a handsome sale.

*The Heavenly Father. Lectures on Modern Atheism.* By Ernest Naville. Translated from the French by Henry Downton, A.M., English Chaplain at Geneva. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1867.—Professor Naville formerly taught philosophy in the University of Geneva, and he is well known as the editor of the works of Maine de Biran, as the author of a volume entitled *La Vie Eternelle*, and as a popular lecturer. The above lectures were largely attended at Geneva and Lausanne, and are well worthy of being translated. In them the following topics are discussed: Our Idea of God; Life without God; The Revival of Atheism; Nature; Humanity; The Creator; The Father; but these titles give no adequate idea of the contents. Scarcely in popular lectures have such weighty themes been more thoroughly and eloquently handled. If the offense of atheism must come, the defense of theism has here passed into able hands. Without the parade of philosophical subtleties, it is pervaded by a high philosophical as well as religious tone. The materialistic tendencies of modern science are not only rebuked but rebutted. We trust the volume will have the circulation it merits. The translation appears to be well done.

*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* By Lewis Carroll. With forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A most amusing child's book, charm-



ingly illustrated, and sure to be in the hands of innumerable happy little girls before Christmas. Since Charles Kingsley's felicitous essay in juvenile story-telling called *Water Babies* a notion seems to have got into people's heads that after all children are one day to be adults, and that there is some propriety in treating their minds as if they contained the germs at least of intelligence. That is to say, stories are now written for children in what may be called a very respectable style of art. The fable must be of course and above all things interesting; but then it must also mean something and teach something without being too much like that sometimes very disgusting thing, a novel with a purpose, in little. To accomplish this is to do something far above the standard of old-time juvenile literature; and *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* are creditable efforts in such a direction.

*Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of Women. Illustrated with twenty-four superb steel engravings. New York: William H. Appleton.*—This very beautiful volume will attract general admiration; and although the ideals of the Shakespearean heroines do not in all cases agree with what our own would be, the fact need not prevent them from being exceedingly pleasing and satisfactory to many others. Mrs. Jameson's text is so familiar as to need no encomium or elucidation at our hands, and the engravings, which are copies from Corbould, Heath, Wright, Meadows, Hayter, Frish, Egg, and Johnston, must be seen to be appreciated. The work is put on the market in superb fashion, the typography and binding being in the highest style of art, and Mr. Appleton has done himself great credit by an enterprise which, we should say, would also be a very profitable one.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN WILEY & Co., New York.—The Voices of the Year. Illustrated. Pp. 544. 1867.  
LONGMANS, GREEN, READER & DYER, London.—America During and After the War. By Robert Ferguson. Pp. 11, 250. 1866.  
E. P. DUTTON & Co., Boston.—Miss Matty; or, The Youngest Passenger. Pp. 106. 1867.  
Faunle and Robbie. By Anne G. Hale. Pp. 138. 1867.  
Frank Sterling's Choice. By Maria H. Bulfinch. Pp. 194. 1867.  
Ned Grant's Quest. By M. H. B. Pp. 195. 1867.  
D. & J. SADLER, New York.—Banim's Works. 3 vols. Boyne Water. Pp. 559. 1866.  
Last Baron of Cranston. Pp. 448. 1866.  
LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—Character of Jesus. By Dr. Daniel Schenkel. Translated by W. H. Furness, D.D. 2 vols. Pp. 279 and 359. 1866.  
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, New York.—The Seven Great Hymns of the Medieval Church. Pp. 134. 1866.  
Pearls of Thought gathered from Old Authors. Pp. 252. 1866.  
Grace Barclay's Diary. Edited by Sidney Barclay. Pp. 251. 1866.  
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—The Children of the Frontier. Pp. 290. 1867.  
Conservative Surgery. By H. G. Davis, M.D. Pp. 314. 1867.  
BLOOM & Co., New York.—General Lee and Santa Claus. By Mrs. Louise Clack. Pp. 36. 1867.  
ALEX. STRAHAN, London and New York.—London Poems. By Robert Buchanan. Pp. 272. 1867.  
HARPER BROS., New York.—Reading without Tears. Part. II. Pp. 292. 1866.  
ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Pp. 313. 1867.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Notes on Epidemics. By Francis Edmund Anstie, M.D., F.R.C.P. Pp. 95. 1866.  
NICHOLS & NOTES, Boston.—The Kettle Club. By Cousin Virginia. Pp. 159. 1866.  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—Bible Emblems. By the late Rev. Edward E. Seelye, D.D. Pp. 230. 1866.  
Jesus Christ's Alluring Love. By Rev. John Flavel. Pp. 157. 1866.

#### PAMPHLETS, ETC.

D. & J. SADLER & Co., New York.—The Lives of the Popes. By the Chevalier D'Artaud. Edited by Rev. Dr. Neillan. Parts 1 to 36 inclusive. 1865.  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—Guy Hamilton. By Miss Joanna H. Mathews. Pp. 199. 1866.  
HARPER & BROS., New York.—The Beaucaires, Father and Son. By Charles Clarke. Pp. 90. 1866.

We have also received current issues of the following periodicals: Medical Record and Pharmacological Journal, New York; Ladies' Repository, Cincinnati; Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector, Philadelphia; The Twenty-third Annual Report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, for the Year of 1866.

#### ART.

##### ART NOTES.

JAMES M. HART has nearly finished a fine landscape of scenery in the Connecticut valley, which he intends to exhibit at the approaching Paris Exposition. Mr. Hart has passed the summer in those fertile and pleasant valleys, from which he has brought back with him numerous studies of the peculiar scenery. From these we may expect that he will produce many of those tranquil renderings of American *payage* which he so well knows how to work out. One very large subject from these sketches is already laid down upon canvas.

SINCE our last notice of Goupil's gallery, several new and attractive pictures have been added to the collection there. A prominent one among these is a large painting by Knauss, whose pictures of "Bohemians" and "The Mountebank" must be familiar to many of our readers. The picture lately arrived at Goupil's is a composition of figures, architecture, and landscape. A joyous wedding procession of rustics winds out from the massive gateway of an ancient building, each individual in the group

even the old man on crutches, seeming to be bent on fun and frolic. Humor is a pervading sentiment of the composition, and the character developed in it, from the three musicians to the boys tumbling head-over-heels and the geese getting out of the way in clumsy haste, is very truthful to nature. Here, also, is a picture by Dieffenbach, "The Wedding Eve," in which we see much character of the type so often selected by the school to which that artist belongs. The little peasant bride is very pretty and *espiègle*, and there is something winning in the expression of mingled benevolence and jocularly that beams upon the features of the old priest. Two pictures by Bagniet will greatly command the regards of the fair visitors to the gallery. Silk and satins, and various other opulent textures, such as go to the making-up of high-caste beauty, are here treated with consummate skill. There is a picture by Cabanel likewise on the walls. It is a small copy of his "Florentine Poet," a picture which is familiar to many here through the medium of the photograph. There is much excellence in Meyer von Bremen's picture of a small boy declining to share his cake with a supplicating dog. The boy's head is admirable for expression, but there is a certain unnatural smoothness about the dog that savors a little of the pictorial snuff-box. A bright little picture by Hamon is redolent of studies made among the Pompeian frescoes; and there will shortly be on view here, as we are informed, a new example from the minute, if not magic, pencil of Meissonier.

A NUMBER of specimens of the "Ruggles gems"—small landscapes painted in oil—are to be seen at Jones's, 843 Broadway, where, alone, they are to be had for sale. Many of these little pictures possess considerable merit for brilliancy of color and careful finish, and the prices for which they are to be had are comparatively small. Persons intending to make holiday presents would do well to call and examine these productions.

THE exhibition of pictures for the benefit of the Artists Fund has just been opened at the National Academy of Design. The water-color department is unusually interesting; for, in addition to contributions from several of our own artists and amateurs, there are loans from private galleries of several works from the pencils of leading members of the English water-color societies.

WILLIAM HART, who has lately returned from a summer's tour in Maine, has brought with him a number of bold and graphic sketches of the charming mountain and valley scenery of that region. He has nearly completed a sunny picture from one of these—a verdant landscape full of sweet pastoral sentiment. Mr. Hart has also in his studio a large and fine picture of scenery in the western districts of the state of New York.

W. H. BEARD has just finished a fine woodland picture, the leading object in which is a seared and riven tree, whose top has come crashing down amid the underbrush of the forest. A venerable Indian peers from under his hand at the shattered tree, which has probably served as a landmark to him for the greater part of his life.

ONE of the strongest portrait busts that we have seen for some time has just been completed in marble by Launt Thompson. The subject is the late Mr. Thomas Tileston, formerly of this city, and the bust has been executed for his daughter, Mrs. Hemmenway, of Boston.

A SLAVE-AUCTION in a city square is the subject of a large picture by Mr. Noble, of St. Louis. This picture, which has lately arrived in the city, has not yet been placed in a position in which it can be seen to advantage, but it will probably be on exhibition before long in some public gallery.

THE collection of foreign pictures sent out by Gambart, of London, has arrived, in charge of Mr. Pilgeram, and will soon be placed on view in the gallery of the Studio building on Tenth Street.

A FINE portrait of Brigadier-General Halpine, by Gerhard, is now to be seen at Goupil's. Mr. Gerhard makes a specialty of painting full-length portraits of large cabinet size, and his style is remarkable for great vigor and breadth of treatment. His studio is at 63 Bleeker Street.

EDWIN FORBES is making good progress with his large war picture of a scene in the "Wilderness." Mr. Forbes has a large and seemingly inexhaustible collection of sketches from the war-fields, many of which were made amid the smoke and din of battle. From these he has lately painted a couple of small pictures—a sentry on picket duty in winter, and troopers on the skirmish line.

R. GIGNOUX has just finished a brilliant autumnal landscape, in which the vivid tints of the trees are brought into contrast with the transient October snow.

LOUIS LANG has nearly completed his arrangements for a school of painting for ladies, which he intends to open

on the first of December. Mr. Lang, who is an accomplished musician, purposes also to instruct a class of ladies in the sciences of thorough-bass and composition. His new studio, situated at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, will afford every facility for pupils.

MR. WALKER is now engaged at his studio, 58 East Thirteenth Street, on a large cartoon for a picture of the final charge at the battle of Gettysburg. The picture is to be on a scale of twenty feet by eight, and the line of country shown is taken from accurate sketches made by the artist on the spot. He has in his studio a finished picture, on a smaller scale, of the engagement at Lookout Mountain, and another, showing the battle-field of Chickamauga "when the fight was done."

THE landscapes of George Inness are attracting greatly the notice of connoisseurs. He has lately finished a large composition of pastoral and woodland scenery combined, which is full of glowing effects of light. Mr. Inness has worked for some time past in rural retreats, but his studio for the present is at 927 Broadway.

#### FOREIGN ART.

THE International Society of Fine Arts, a fraternization between London and Brussels, is now in full operation. The Brussels organ of the association, *La Chronique Internationale des Beaux Arts*, came out with its first number a few weeks ago, and an exhibition of works of art has just been opened by the society in the Pavilion at Brighton—a place memorable in connection with the Regency career of George IV.

ARTISTS are not the last to look after the welfare of their brothers in the craft. A fund has been raised in London, by contributions of sketches from a number of eminent artists, for the relief of W. McConnell, once a contributor of designs to *Punch*, and who, for nearly two years past, has been incapacitated, through illness, from following the practice of his art. Within a short time, too, the members of the Savage Club, chiefly artists and literary men, have decided upon producing a Christmas book for the benefit of the widow of Mr. T. Morten, a young English artist of promise, lately dead.

SPEAKING of the statue of Lord Macaulay, by Woolner, which is intended for the University of Cambridge, an English critic says: "Its general effect is that of a clumsy, dwarfed figure, subsiding within a familiar garment, the folds of which have been disposed without art feeling, yet with some evident artificiality."

A LONDON paper states that the success of the Southampton Loan Exhibition is mainly due to the statue of "Medea," by Story, the American sculptor, which was contributed by Mr. Stone, M.P., and has proved as attractive as were the "Cleopatra" and "Sybil" of the same sculptor in the International Exhibition of 1862.

GREAT efforts are being made in England for the revival of mosaic art in the decoration of buildings; and several eminent artists find occasional employment in making colored designs for the artificers engaged upon such work.

#### LITERARIANA.

##### AMERICAN.

MR. BANCROFT's new volume is again charged with historical inaccuracy—this time in the description of the circumstances attending the death of Jane McCrea. Of this *The Press*—published at Salem, Washington county, N. Y., near the scene of the catastrophe—gives a detailed account, completely at variance with the generally received version to which Mr. Bancroft adheres, but which, it seems, has become a subject of derision among the inhabitants of Fort Edward, some of whom are of Miss McCrea's family, and who, according to the local paper, are wont to greet a repetition of the old narrative with "I want to know if they have started that story again!"—being the dialect of the region. Mr. Bancroft's account is in accordance with the old picture which used to adorn copy-book and almanac covers and printed handkerchiefs, setting forth that two Indians, who were acting as the lady's guides to her lover at the British camp, quarreled about the division of the reward between them, when one, as Mr. Bancroft phrases it, "sunk his tomahawk into the brain of his unfortunate charge." The version of the local historians, who have been at some pains to arrive at the truth of so famous an incident, is very different—that there was no lover in the matter, nor any guides; that Miss McCrea and Mrs. McNeal were seized by Indians and carried off; that soldiers pursued, fired at the Indians, whom they did not hit, while two or three of their bullets striking Miss McCrea killed her, after which she was scalped by the Indians. This account was given by Mrs. McNeal to General Frazer; and



was corroborated by one of the Indians, who was subsequently taken by the British; by General Morgan Lewis, afterwards governor of New York, who superintended the burial and saw the gunshot wounds; by a subsequent examination of the body, on the occasion of its removal to a burial-ground, by a physician who examined the skull and found it uninjured. Other details, which are given at great length in the paper to which we are indebted for these facts, seem conclusive of Mr. Bancroft's error. The matter, it is true, is of no great moment, except as it adds another to the accumulating evidences of that gentleman's historical inaccuracy on points where abundant evidence was accessible.

AMONG the gift books of the season is *The Voices of the Year*, a tastefully bound volume, printed upon tinted paper, and with numerous well-executed full-page illustrations and vignettes. It is composed of a selection of pastoral poems, distributed among the different months of the year, and dating from Bion and Moschus to Bryant and Longfellow. Its London publishers are Charles Griffin & Co., and its New York imprint John Wiley & Son. The work most creditable to American artists which we have seen this season is an edition of *The Fables of Esop*, with fifty-six full-page illustrations in tint, by Henry L. Stephens, lithographed by Julius Bien. Of Mr. Stephens's work, which is always good and which the admirers of *Vanity Fair* will recall, these are the best specimens we have seen, and the letter-press and other make-up of the book are unexceptionable. The work will probably be ready for publication before this reaches our readers. A little children's gift book, with creditable lithographic illustrations, is issued by Blelock & Co. It is *General Lee and Santa Claus*, and is by Mrs. Louise Clack, who, since the war, has written a book meritorious so far as it was descriptive of the fortitude of Southern women during the war, but simply silly when it essayed fiction. In both respects the present volume accords with it, containing an amount of vapidly quite disproportionate to the capacity of the thirty pages it fills. Of its literary merits the opening poem is a sufficient index, in which the verse

"Ready for sport,"

is made to match

"The piano-forte."

A full stanza may afford a better sample, and we quote the following, descriptive of children coming to tea:

"See they come clustering,  
Each softly fluttering,  
Around the board;  
Waiting most patiently,  
For blessing said sapiently,  
Of Holy Word."

A. F. BLEDSOE, M.D., LL.D., will begin with the new year the publication at Baltimore of a quarterly entitled *The Southern Review*. While, without any disparagement of *De Bow's Review*, we consider it highly desirable that quarterlies should be multiplied in the South, we can only regret the appearance of a publication which appeals to "the despised, the disfranchised, and the down-trodden people of the South," and whose prospectus is throughout couched in terms indicative rather of violent partisanship than of temperate and philosophical scholarship. We are as desirous as any can be to see the growth of a vigorous Southern literature, and to see an end of the petty tyranny which the dominant party now seems disposed to exercise toward the recovered states; but neither can the power of radical zealotry be lessened nor the cause of literature advanced by the establishment of periodicals of the more dignified class upon a basis of sectional and exclusive prejudice. It is very true that a precedent, though not a justification, is afforded by the violent partisanship of the representative review of the North; but we have seen so much of the results of political retorts and tergiversation that it was to be hoped the day for such things had gone by, except as they are adhered to in the commonplaces of the political newspapers.

ARTEMUS WARD'S *Punch* letters have occasioned some mortification to his cis-Atlantic admirers, but in his delivery of his "piece" he seems to be retrieving his reputation. *The Athenæum* says of his fun that "very good fun it is—of its kind;" and describes his lecture as being "composed of telling sentences, slowly delivered, and each ending with a trap, into which the listener is sure to fall, and from which he extricates himself by a hearty laugh. . . . In all this there was no appearance of acting, the mere absence of which operated as a charm." From this the lecture is probably substantially the same so well known here; but the exquisite absurdity of his programme—which *The Athenæum* commends—is increased by the attachment of "testimonials" from people whose health has been benefited by hearing Mr. Ward, and by an appended offer to call at the houses of people who

do not comprehend his jokes for the purpose of explaining them.

MR. FRANK MOORE, to whom the war appears likely to afford life-long occupation, is about to publish *The Negroes of the War*, a work explanatory of the part which negroes took in the struggle. The subject is a good one, as was that of his *Women of the War*, a very presentable and creditable volume, yet remarkable for its omission of any tribute to Miss Dix, whose patriotic and charitable services were inferior to those of no woman and very few men who took any part in the struggle.

A MR. GEORGE GORDON DE LUNA BYRON, a captain on Frémont's staff during the war and now in New York, claims, and is believed by those who have investigated the matter, to be the son of Lord Byron by a noble Spanish lady of the De Luna family. His knowledge of the poet's life is said to be very extensive; but his assertion that he is the offspring of a clandestine marriage is pronounced by a correspondent of *The Springfield Republican* who describes him at length to be generally received with incredulity.

MR. ALBERT RICHARDSON, well known as a correspondent of *The Tribune* and as the author of a remarkably successful book, *The Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape*, has in press at Hartford *Beyond the Mississippi*, a volume descriptive of Western adventure and of the resources of the regions now being opened by railroads. The book, which is published by subscription, contains 500 octavo pages and is abundantly illustrated by Bierstadt, Hennessey, White, Eytinge, Nast, Waud, Perkins, Fenn, and other well-known artists.

MR. GEORGE COOPER sends us the following poem which celebrates a real occurrence:

#### THE CROSS.

Sweet emblem of our only hope  
While in the darkness here we grope,  
We cling to thee, O! saving cross,  
Shining above our pain and loss.  
Deathless amid the wreck and storm  
Of earth behold thy sacred form!  
About the old cathedral walls  
Leap, with a fury that appals,  
The swirling flames; the midnight air  
Is pulsing in the lurid glare:  
And o'er the graves deep shadows go,  
Like spirits of the dead below.  
Crash! falls the dome; the blast  
Hurls high the red sparks, wildly cast.  
The night has gone: the morning gleams  
On fallen arches and blackened beams.  
And lo! the cross, unharmed, on high  
Stands golden in the azure sky!

MR. SAMUEL SELDEN sends us the poem below from Norfolk, Virginia:

#### A MEMORY.

That sad, sweet face, I see it yet,  
Those eyes so brightly blue,  
As April's first soft violet,  
Whose fragrant petals still are wet  
With drops of sparkling dew.  
Recalling oft those eyes serene,  
That face and golden hair,  
Sweet pictures of the Magdalene,  
O'er old cathedral altars seen,  
Wooling our thoughts to prayer.  
I see her still in reverie,  
Though months and years have rolled,  
On bended knee, with tearful eye,  
With missal and with rosary,  
And crucifix of gold.  
The waxen candles, tall and bright,  
Through clouds of incense gleamed,  
And o'er the sculptures cold and white,  
And tessellated floor, the light  
Through gorgeous windows streamed.  
And whilst the music swells and dies,  
The organ's thunders roll,  
She kneels with sad, imploring eyes,  
Like a pure seraph from the skies,  
Pleading for some lost soul!

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON will commence, with the January number, to reprint at the Riverside Press *London Society*, which will appear here simultaneously with the date of its issue abroad. Among the attractions of the magazine for 1867 are a serial by Miss Thomas, entitled *Playing for High Stakes*, and a series of sketches of London life by Mr. James Greenwood, best known as "the Amateur Casual." It may not be unnecessary to mention that *London Society* is one of the best London magazines and is profusely illustrated with the style of pictures which it has become so common of late for our own magazines to appropriate and reprint a month after their appearance abroad.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ concluded his course of Brazilian lectures last week.

COLONEL GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, author of the *Story of the Great March*, and *The Sanctuary*, is recommended

by General Sherman and others for the secretaryship of legation at Paris—to the literary duties of which position his talents may be better adapted than to book-making.

MISS CARMICHAEL, who did duty among the Mormons as a poetess, has gone from Utah to California as the wife of a gentile.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH is about to continue the inexhaustible flow of her sensational fiction by *The Bride of Llewellyn*, a new novel in the press of the Petersons.

DR. ISAAC L. HAYES, the companion of Dr. Kane in his arctic explorations, has in press *The Open Polar Sea*. The work is descriptive of the voyage of the schooner *United States*, in 1860-61, and is to be illustrated by the author and Messrs. Darley, White, and others.

REV. A. H. QUINT, chaplain of the Second Massachusetts regiment, is about to publish a limited edition of a handsome volume recording the history of his regiment, and going so far into detail as to comprise a sketch of every man connected with it.

#### FOREIGN.

MR. ROSSETTI'S defense of Mr. Swinburne affords an opportunity to *The Saturday Review*—which the poet, after the manner of men of letters in England, has included among "infusoria and animalcules"—to renew its censures of what it styles "one of the most wayward *enfants terribles* who have ever disturbed the serenity of the decencies and respectabilities of their time." Mr. Rossetti gives as the "four main currents of influence and feeling" in the *Poems and Ballads*:

1. The passionately sensuous;
2. The classic or antique;
3. The heterodox or religiously mutinous;
4. And the assimilative or reproductive in point of literary form.

a classification which the *The Saturday* accepts as full and frank enough, and on the first and third heads of which Mr. Rossetti joins battle with the critics. As to the third point, Mr. Rossetti says of his friend that, respecting moral and religious subjects, he is "radically indifferent, and indeed hostile, to what most persons care for;" on the first, Mr. Rossetti admits, not indecency, but "passionate sensuousness," even admitting that *Anactoria*, though written, should never have been published, but deprecating criticism of it which is calculated "to make the student of poetry the mark of the mere mud of the nineteenth century." For the former of Mr. Rossetti's admissions, *The Saturday* considers that "the defense is not so unlike an accusation," and that in view of its admissions it is "at least not surprising that critics and reviewers fell into rather strong language when the book first came out." In reference to Mr. Swinburne's indelicacy, it points out, we believe for the first time, its special peculiarity. It is not like that of La Fontaine, Voltaire, and Byron, who "give pictures, images of an unchaste kind, narratives artfully working up to a lascivious climax," and "describe them as a painter might paint them." But Swinburne "does not paint and describe. He feels, he thrills and quivers with passion and sensuous excitement; . . . his flight is never seen to be so superbly swift and strong as when he is engaged in matters which by common consent are held to be obscene;" as a consequence of which it holds that "we must either ignore the most Swinburnian things he has ever written, or admit him to be the most gifted, if not also the most indecent, of erotic poets." Its summary of its estimate is that "Mr. Swinburne is a remarkable and original poet; that by some strange calamity his instincts and sympathies are allied not with the highest and noblest human passions and aspirations, but very often with the lowest and vilest; that while his position as an artist is beyond dispute, or even attack, the ultimate fate of his reputation and influence as an author can hardly be contemplated without dismal forebodings." We give on another page our own opinion of Mr. Swinburne's poems.

SIR HENRY BULWER, younger brother of Sir E. L. Bulwer, now Lord Lytton, is about to publish a work on Talleyrand.

MR. J. C. HOTTEN announces *Thackeray's Humor*, illustrated by the pencil of George Cruikshank.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ is made the object of an attack which we must regard as of an unwarrantable description, and very much out of keeping with the usual tone of *The Reader*, in which it appears. The work under review is his *Geological Sketches*, whose general characteristics are stated to be "spread-eagleism" and "bunkum;" in which respects its style is likened to that of a speech upon our national future by a Vermont Yankee, whose final burst of eloquence was a statement that "the



United States are going it like H—!" Arrogance, inaccuracy, hopeless ignorance, an infantile comprehension; are among the characteristics attributed to the author; and after declining to "so far carry microscopical analysis as to inquire what may be the value of Professor Agassiz's opinion on a question affecting fossil ornithology," the article terminates in a continuation of its pervading strain by saying:

"Our 'Uncle Sam' has founded a great republic. He has spread thereon schools (we beg pardon—educational seminaries) over the length and breadth of the land. The teachings of natural science are perhaps heard more forcibly in America than in the academies of the old world. But what good result can follow, unless more diligent care is exercised in the selection of the teachers, we cannot conceive. The United States, during its infancy, may have had some excuse which led to the employment of a class of ignorant or half-educated men, such as usually forms the scholastic element in countries which are only partially civilized. Such an excuse exists no longer; and we trust to see the time when students in New England will receive instruction far more destined to create real workers in geology than the elementary and inaccurate compilation which it has been our duty to notice."

Of course, to Professor Agassiz a matter of this kind is of very little consequence, but it is a pity that a journal of the respectability of *The Reader* should permit its columns to become the vehicle of what can only be considered an outburst of somebody's spleen.

MUCH pleasanter is *The Athenæum's* criticism of Professor Longfellow's last volume of poems, of which it gives the precedence to *Palingenesis*, quoting it with the remark that "there is scarcely a stanza in the poem which does not contain some vivid picture or charming image, while the verse moves with a sad, sweet changefulness, like a fitful wind through autumnal woods." It prefers, however, the healthy hopefulness of Mr. Longfellow's earlier poems "to the pensive, if not desponding, vein which now and then appears in his present effusions"—and whose absence, it might have added, would be very remarkable in the works of a poet whose later life has known such sorrows as Mr. Longfellow's.

DR. K. BRUNNEMANN has become a sort of Hallam of American literature by publishing at Leipzig a little manual entitled *Geschichte der Nordamerikanischen Literatur*, which is said to be well-written and useful, though containing some notable omissions, such as Dr. Holmes's *Elsie Venner* among the novels, Herman Melville among writers of travel, and Emerson and T. Buchanan Read among poets. The *Biglow Papers*, apparently, he regards as something in the A. Ward or P. V. Nasby line. Mr. Bryant receives much of his attention. Of novelists Charles Brockden Brown, now scarcely remembered, and Hawthorne are among his favorites. It is strange that a work of this kind should be first written abroad and in a foreign tongue; yet it is probably all the better, in that it loses thereby the provincial and political jealousies which would be attributed to, even if they did not mark, such a work of American authorship. A translation, suitably supplemented and edited, perhaps by an Englishman, could not fail to be interesting and possibly not a little instructive to American readers.

Two new German versions of Dante have recently appeared, the one by "Philalethes," at Leipzig, the other by J. von Hoffinger, at Wien. The former rendering is in blank-verse and is said to be monotonous and harsh, but is accompanied by a valuable commentary of numerous brief notes. The second is arranged in six-line stanzas, and its translator, Herr von Hoffinger, being a zealous Romanist, insists strenuously on Dante's orthodoxy. Both are described as respectable achievements, but inferior in many respects to previous German translations.

The last, being the eighth, volume of Guizot's *Mémoires* will appear in the spring.

M. LITRE's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* is completed in manuscript, and the first volume, which extends from A to H, has recently been published. In size this lexicon will be more than as large again as the latest edition of Webster; the present volume having 2,000 pages, each an inch broader and longer than Webster, and more closely printed. Upon this work M. Littré, who is now sixty-five years old, has been engaged for twenty-six years with the assistance of his daughter, whom he has educated to almost as high a degree of learning as himself. As an instance of the completeness of the work, a correspondent of *The Tribune* gives the following account of the system on which it is arranged: "The definition of a word, according to its usual and classic acceptance, is first supported by a numerous array of authoritative examples cited from modern authors; then follows an 'historic' paragraph, showing the usage in chronological order, by selections, from the earliest writer who can be called French, down to the sixteenth century; then on this outer French frontier we find the

etymological article, pointing out whence and by what roads and in what company the word came."

FEW of our readers, probably, are acquainted with our critical contributor, Mr. George Washington Moon, as a poet, and we take pleasure in presenting this interesting poem from his pen:

#### WHY WEEPEST THOU?

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. iv. 13.

Why weepest thou?

Thy beautiful one is resting:

Trouble no more assails her fond heart now;

No more that frail bark life's rude waves is breasting.

Why weepest thou?

Wouldst thou recall her

From her calm, deep joy,

To what might here in future years befall her?

Sweet songs of rapturous praise her powers employ.

Wouldst thou recall her?

Grief's bitter tears

Have all been kissed away

From her dear face whom memory reveres;

Why down thine own pale cheeks then should there stray

Grief's bitter tears?

Are ye not one,

Though severed for awhile?

Hast thou no joy that she her race has run,

And has received her master's gracious smile?

Are ye not one?

To meet again

With rapturous emotion,

Twin-severed streams flow towards the distant main;

And 'tis the one prayer of your souls' devotion

To meet again.

And ye shall meet,

Ye faithful loving-hearted,

Who bowed together at the Saviour's feet;

One faith, one hope, ye had who now are parted;

And ye shall meet

To part no more.

O glorious reality

Of faith and hope when life's few years are o'er!

Your spirits clothed with immortality,

To part no more!

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford:  
Beyond the Mississippi. By Albert D. Richardson.

JAMES MILLER, New York:  
Poems of Childhood. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated by Hennessy and Thwaites.  
What the Moon Saw, and The Ice Maiden. By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by the Brothers Dalziel.  
Robinson Crusoe. Lizzie Linden, Frank Worthy, Young Sailor. Illustrated 16mos.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:  
Joseph the Second and his Court, Merchant of Berlin, Berlin and Sans-Souci, The Two Life Paths, The Story of a Millionaire, Emperor Leopold II. and his Time, Empress Josephine, Napoleon in Germany, Henry the Eighth, Prince Eugene and his Time, The Great Elector and his Children, Louis of Prussia, Count Benjowski, or Frederick the Great in Bohemia, Old Fritz and Modern Time, Frederick the Great and his Family—all from the German of L. Mühlbach.

THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., New York:  
The History of a Mouthful of Bread, and its Effects on the Organization of Men and Animals. By Jean Maer. Translated from the French by Mrs. Gatty.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of Nov. 17, 1866, "Melanie" asks the origin of the expression, "Revenons à nos moutons." In a note to Urquhart's edition of *Rubens's* I find this explanation: "A proverb taken from the old French play of *Patein*, where a wool-drafter is brought in who, pleading against his shepherd concerning some sheep the shepherd had stolen from him, would ever and anon digress from the point to speak of a piece of cloth which his antagonist's attorney had likewise robbed him of, which made the judge call out to the drafter and bid him 'return to his muttons.'"

Perhaps the origin of the expression is still more distant, and may be traced to Erasmus's explanation of "alia Menecles, alia Porcellus loquitur" (*Gargantua*, Book I., chap. 1).

H. B. W.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 19, 1866.

Another explanation comes from Indianapolis:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The origin of the French proverb, "Revenons à nos moutons," is as follows: A French lawyer, pleading the cause of a client who had lost some sheep, talked of everything but the matter in question, when his unfortunate client recalled him by making use of the above expression. "Revenir à ses moutons" is another form of the same proverb.

Yours very sincerely,

R. I. DAVID.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 17, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In No. 59 of THE ROUND TABLE (Oct. 20) inquiry is made by "X. Y. Z." as to the authorship of "a curious poem" on *The First of March*, beginning—

"The bud is in the bough."

He informs us that it is attributed by Mr. Dyce, in *Specimens of British Poetesses*, to Mrs. Hemans. It seems strange to me that such a blunder should have been made by so accomplished an editor; but the best of men are liable to error, are sometimes careless, and occasionally not like the good Homer. The lines in question, some of which are rather " quaint and curious " than highly poetical, were written, it appears, by James Smith, one of the writers of *Rejected Addresses* and author of that most beautiful poem entitled *Hymn to the Flowers*. The *First of March* may be found on page 79 of Epes Sargent's edition of the *Poetical Works of James Smith and Horace Smith*; New York: Mason Brothers; 1857.

I perceive, in your issue for this week, another attempted explanation of Tennyson's "dreary gleams." I presume if much more be offered you respecting said gleams, the talk about which is beginning to be dreary, that you will be compelled to "shut

down" on the vexed subject, as you have on several others whereanent discussion and conjecture appear well-nigh profitless. Permit me to remark, however, that in my opinion "J. R. S." is altogether in the wrong. Neither the passage itself nor the poem as a whole warrants any such interpretation as "dreary memories and gleams of thought." Neither do I believe with you that the gleams were the curlews. "H. M." gave some time ago the best explanation of the passage. From the two concluding stanzas we find that a storm was coming on. The morning, therefore, it is probable, was a cloudy, vaporous, gloomy one. Those dreary gleams, about which so much has been said, were neither more nor less than the little breaks and flashes of light from the flying scud as it passed over the moorland and the hall.

"Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall."

Thus is the line punctuated (without the comma after "moorland"), as it should be, in the edition of Tennyson published by William D. Ticknor in 1846.

I conclude with the following "note and query." In this department of your copious TABLE, by the way, I would rejoice to see more notes and fewer queries, some of the latter of which are very vain, jejune, trifling. I note in an old edition of *Hood's Poems* (Philadelphia, 1827), written on one of the fly-leaves in pencil, and in a female hand, the ensuing song, marked "Anon." I do not remember having ever seen it elsewhere, though, perhaps, you may know all about it. I think it very pretty:

#### SONG.

Take back the bowl, tho' beaming  
Brightly as bowl e'er shone;  
Oh! it but sets me dreaming  
Of days—of nights now gone!  
Then, in its clear reflection,  
As in a wizard's glass,  
Lost hope and dead affection,  
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither  
Some friend who once sat by;  
Bright lips—too bright to wither!  
Warm hearts—too warm to die!  
Till, as the dream comes o'er me  
Of those long-vanished years,  
Then, then the cup before me  
Seems turning all to tears.

My query is, do you know who wrote it?

Yours truly,

HANS SACHS.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., Nov. 17, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A short time ago I read an article in THE ROUND TABLE called *Some Odorous Comparisons*, in which you gave that very dull, very antiquated, and very ungenerous paper *The Evening Post* a well merited scoring. In the course of the article you referred to the phrase "odorous comparisons" as Dogberry's. But in your last number, under the heading of *Literarianism*, you credit the same phrase to Mrs. Malaprop. What are your readers to understand; is the expression Sheridan's or Shakespeare's?

G. B.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1866.

Shakespeare's (or Bacon's), of course. The line is Dogberry's; *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii., sc. 4. Mrs. Malaprop's speech, which is so perpetually misquoted even by experienced writers, runs, "Comparisons don't become a young woman." The expression, "Comparisons are odious," is to be found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii., sec. 3, mem. 1, sub. 2; also in George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*, p. 350 (Pickering's edition, vol. i.); and in Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, act i., sc. 1, Jenkins says: "O slime, O brickbat, do you not know that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves, and therefore there are no comparisons to be made between us." The line, "She and comparisons are odious," is in Dr. John Donne's *Elegy 8, The Comparison*. Scarcely a week passes but our city press insists on attributing the "odorous comparison" to Mrs. Malaprop. We really trust that hereafter the absurd if in some sort natural misquotation may be abandoned.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: "Joys that we have tasted," for which a querist inquires, was written many years ago by Lieutenant G. W. Patten, United States army, to the air of *My Ain Fire-side*.

Perhaps you may be able to give the authority for "Cleanliness is akin to Godliness." Wesley uses it, but I do not think it is original with him.

M. G. P.

The note of a correspondent to the effect that the word *unabridged* does not appear in that edition of Webster's Dictionary so designated, has procured us an inundation of replies in correction. In the first place, the term *unabridged*, though printed on the cover, is not upon the title-page of the dictionary; next, it is given in its alphabetical place in the editions of 1828, 1840, and 1847, for which last the word was first used as a *quasi* title. Finally, with regard to the last edition, the matter is thus fully accounted for in a note we have received from the publishers:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: . . . By turning to page 1,434 of the dictionary under *Un*, which is carefully defined, and its effect as a negative prefix fully pointed out under (b), the word *unabridged* is given. By this arrangement several pages are saved for more important matter, devoted by Worcester to defining words in *Un*, most of which, under certain classes, are just as well defined by a simple explanation of the prefix. Words of this sort may be manufactured *ad infinitum*, and no wise lexicographer in any language laments his work with them.

Yours truly,

G. & C. MERRIAM.

SPRINGFIELD, November 26, 1866.

#### THE ROUND TABLE.

##### CONTENTS OF No. 65.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1.

A THANKSGIVING GREETING, SHALL WOMEN VOTE?  
THE JUMEL WILL CASE, HELLS FOR CONGRESS,  
THE TURKEY CARNIVAL,  
A SOCIAL FAVORITE, PERIODICALS VS. BOOKS.

##### CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

##### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

THE AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS,  
SWINBURNE AND ALDRICH, THE PEOPLE'S ENGLISH.

##### REVIEWS:

MR. CHARLES READE'S MASTERPIECE OF FLAUGHT,  
SUNNYBANK, KISSING THE ROD, THE SANCTUARY,  
POEMS BY JEAN INGELow.

##### LITERARIANA.

##### PERSONAL.

##### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

##### NOTES AND QUERIES.

\* \* Back numbers may always be obtained at the Office.

## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The notices given by journals to each other are not so frequently dictated by impartial judgment and so free from personal considerations as, for the good of literature and wholesome criticism, they ought to be. It is, however, sometimes interesting to readers to know what other writers think of a favorite paper, and we therefore quote from a few of our contemporaries the following passages:

*The London (Anglo-American) Times* of Oct. 20 says:

"We have transferred to our columns an article from *THE ROUND TABLE*, in which that journal replies to an allegation of *The New York Evening Post*, accusing it of not being up to the mark of the leading London weeklies, falling indeed considerably behind the standard of such a journal as *The Spectator*. *THE ROUND TABLE*, with the good sense that characterizes it, meets the charge by a simple admission of its truth, and retorts by saying what is true in a still greater degree, that it comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the *New York* daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. *THE ROUND TABLE* may instance its own successful establishment as a proof of the rapid advance of journalism in the United States. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies. Its articles are the reverse of 'snippets,' and its opinions are expressed without any regard to the public feeling of the moment. The consequence is, that this journal steadily gains in reputation and power; and as its circulation increases, the ability of its proprietors will increase to attain their avowed aim, to bring their organ up to the standard they have in view."

*The New York Herald* (Oct. 21) says:

"*THE ROUND TABLE* gives indications of healthy life. It has real vital fire, and there is a fruitful field before it."

*The (London) Bookseller* says:

"*THE ROUND TABLE*, a weekly journal published in New York, is edited with an amount of good taste and elegance by no means common in the United States."

*The Utica Morning Herald* says:

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*The Davenport Gazette* says:

"Its writers are vigorous and independent thinkers, and its articles are marked by great variety, breadth, and force of treatment, graceful scholarship, and applicability to the interests and questions of the present time. We hazard nothing in saying that it is the best edited literary paper of the day, and it has become such by its disdain of all literary cliques and chicanery, its devotion to a high ideal, and by great liberality of dealing with its contributors. Such a journal is a powerful educator wherever it goes."

*The American Publishers' Circular* says:

"*THE ROUND TABLE* is a first-class literary journal, and bids fair to become permanently successful. It is certainly the best thing of the kind ever attempted in this country, and should be encouraged by all who have any taste in literature."

*The Georgia Constitutionalist* says:

"Its literary criticisms are impartial, catholic, and often brilliant. The intrinsic merit of a book—not its author's previous reputation—is the one thing kept steadily in view. Nor does the genius of a work, however great, blind the critics of this paper to any tendencies it may display of an immoral character."

*The Cleveland Herald* says:

"*THE ROUND TABLE*, the best critical journal ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic, continues to prosper. Filled weekly with trenchant hits at the abuses, social, political, and literary, of the time, it is doing incalculable good in stirring up the public conscience and leading to reform. That there is much fluttering in various directions is a proof that the shots tell; but we are glad to see that whilst those who are hit turn on the critic, they at the same time profit by his hints. Sharp, spicy, and, though sometimes over-bold, yet never with dishonest intent, we heartily wish *THE ROUND TABLE* a long and vigorous life."

*Trübner's (London) Literary Record* says:

"This admirable paper not only sustains but excels its previous reputation. It is devoted almost exclusively to matters of literature and art. The criticisms on books are done by very competent critics, and the literary intelligence, which embraces all parts of the States, is fuller than can be found elsewhere."

*The World* (New York) says:

"*THE ROUND TABLE*, though not by any means a perfect literary weekly, is certainly the nearest approach to one we have ever had in this country. It is spiritedly edited, generally well written, and every number contains articles of real permanent value. Its criticisms are of the 'slashing' order; and the vigor and audacity with which it attacks public men and books are something quite unusual in this country."

\*.\* These notices are taken almost at hap-hazard from a collection of some hundreds; but they will serve to show that, while *THE ROUND TABLE* has been, very much to its advantage, fiercely and even scurrilously abused by the lower class of political and soi-disant literary journals, especially in rural districts, the great mass of educated opinion is decidedly in its favor as the National SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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